THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3 NUMBER 1235

High Stakes on the European Table

Chamberlain continues to lead the betting on the European gaming table. The British King and Queen have made a ceremonial visit to France, which was intended to demonstrate the friendly unity of the two democratic powers as Hitler's and Mussolini's visits to each other have advertised the Rome-Berlin axis. Der Führer seized the moment for a gesture of his own, which may have been pure propaganda or may have been halfway sincere. Repudiating any wish for a settlement of the Czechoslovakian issue by force, he offered to accept a four-power mediation by Britain, France, Germany and Italy. This was interpreted as another effort to separate France from Czechoslovakia and also, of course, from Soviet Russia. It was openly reported that the Chamberlain government is working to this end. France replied by firmly repudiating the idea that she will join in any four-power agreement the purpose of which would include throwing Czechoslovakia to the Nazi wolves and opening the road for Germany to attack Soviet Russia with the intention of seizing a great part of the Ukraine. The issue of the German minority in Czechoslovakia remains a serious one. London is putting great pressure on Prague to accept the German terms, and so far as anyone knows, no pressure at all on Berlin. Viscount Runciman is to go to Prague and attempt to arbitrate the issue between the Czechs and the German minority. The Czechs, naturally, resent this foreign interference in what is after all a domestic matter. They believe, with good reason, that Viscount Runciman will actually be just one more spokesman for Hitler. Chamberlain is fighting for an understanding with the Fascist dictators, no matter how high the price. And naturally, the more he indicates his eagerness, the higher the price becomes.

Spanish Complications

Reports that Franco is parceling out Italian infantrymen among units hitherto mainly Spanish in composition should not be dismissed as merely a device to mislead neutral observers who may some day arrive to supervise withdrawal of foreign "volunteers" from Spain. There are probable military as well as political reasons for this procedure: first, purely Italian infantry units in this war have not exactly distinguished themselves; second, Franco is running short of trained Spanish replacements for the excellent Galician and Navarrese battalions which formed the mainstay of his Ebro drive, and prefers to fill their depleted ranks with Italians who have some war experience rather than depend on raw recruits, perhaps of doubtful loyalty. The war effort of the "loyal" provinces of Navarra and Galicia is apparently almost exhausted; new recruits would have to be drawn from areas less wholeheartedly devoted to El Caudillo. Shortage of dependable infantry explains to some extent the slow progress which Franco's drive for Sagunto is making, while the quite apparent ease of communication by sea between Barcelona and Valencia makes it clear that he by no means has naval command in the coastal waters. The reported wiping out of the Don Benito salient in

CONTENTS

The Week 345

Editorials

Free Speech Again 347
Questions for Catholics 348

General Articles

Government Fights for Health . George Soule 350
The Young Man from Manchester . . . . . Edmund Wilson 352
The CIO and Unemployment . . . . . Mary Heaton Vorse 356
The Fur Strike . . . . . Lee Lorch 358
Radio Bores from Within . Robert J. Landry 359
Shoot the Works . . . . Heywood Broun 360
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 361
Other People's Money . . John T. Flynn 362
"Algiers" . . . . . Otis Ferguson 363
The Bandwagon 364

Correspondence 364

Books in Review

The Politics of Thomas Mann . . . . . John Chamberlain 367
Poetry Tomorrow . . . Malcolm Cowley 368
The Lost, to the Lost . . Otis Ferguson 369
No Holy War . . . . . Ralph Bates 369
Legislator of the Universe . David Ramsey 370
Modern Primitives . James Johnson Sweeney 371
New Books: A Reader's List 371

Entered as Second Class matter, November 6, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the southwest is, however, an indication that the losses have not been all on one side, and that Loyalist effectives in this region have been depleted to save Sagunto: it is too early to tell how serious the results may be.

Border Test in Manchukuo

On the surface, the recent border incident which created tension between Japan and Soviet Russia seemed to be a dispute about the ownership of an obscure and unimportant hill, occupied by Soviet troops and claimed by Japan. Underneath it was undoubtedly a diplomatic test. There are always border incidents on this ill defined frontier; when one is played up by either side it is necessary to look for a hidden motive. Just before Japan began the present war, she employed an incident ostensibly concerning the ownership of river islands; Moscow was conciliatory and Japan inferred that Russia was not in a mood for military intervention. For a long time now large bodies of Japanese troops have been held in Manchukuo as a safeguard against possible Soviet movements in that quarter. But the troops are sorely needed in the interior of China. Did Japan try to find out whether they could safely be moved? Or did the Soviet Union provoke her protest in order to prevent them from being moved? Or did Japan try out the Russian reaction in order to bring information of Moscow's temper to Germany, her ally, who may be planning to annex Czechoslovakia in August? Or did, as Soviet sources suggest, the local Japanese military stir up trouble because they did not want to be moved? At any rate, Russia stood firm. If Tokyo wanted to know, it found out.

Bad News from Texas

The results of the Texas primary seem to us far from happy. Texas' next Governor will be a radio-crooning flour salesman who seems to be at or below the intellectual level of Mayor Thompson of Chicago or Alfalfa Bill Murray of Oklahoma. He campaigned by singing hillbilly songs and coming out firmly in favor of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule. His real strength, however, lay in the fact that he promised everybody in Texas a pension of $30 a month at the age of sixty-five. This fact makes nonsense of Mark Sullivan's argument that the victory constituted a triumph for conservatism.

While several Tory members of the national House of Representatives from Texas were safely renominated, the country's progressive forces suffered a serious loss in the defeat of Maury Maverick in San Antonio. Maverick, an outstanding leader of the progressive movement in the House of Representatives, was beaten by a handful of votes out of 50,000, after a campaign marked by the dirtiest possible tactics. His opponent is a Roman Catholic, and campaigned on that basis. Maverick was called a Communist. His enemies reprinted a Communist pamphlet and distributed it to the crowd at some of his meetings, afterward charging that the distribution was the work of his supporters.

The San Antonio machine opposed Maverick with all the standard tricks. The opposing candidate is the brother of the chief of police of San Antonio, who is well known for permitting pecan shellers to be beaten up when they were on strike. Maverick was fought by all the anti-Roosevelt forces, including wealthy oil men, who poured out money. Political observers report that votes were stolen by wholesale on election day. Taxi drivers were told their licenses would be revoked if they did not vote for Maverick's opponent, and this tactic was even used to coerce licensed prostitutes, who were threatened with the loss of their health certificates. Although the charge of communism was effective with some of the poor Mexican Catholics in San Antonio, most of them stood firm. So did the Anglo-Saxon workers; while the A. F. of L. top officials opposed Maverick, most of the rank and file voted for him. Many Protestant middle-class citizens of San Antonio and nearby farmers were frightened by the allegation of radicalism. Federal appropriations, including a large sum for slum clearance, obtained by Maverick, were falsely attributed by his enemies to other sources. Under the circumstances, it is a miracle that he got as large a vote as he did. No one who knows him will believe for a moment that his political career is ended.

The TVA on the Stand

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, former chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority, has had his wish. In Knoxville a congressional investigating committee of five Senators and five Representatives is listening to his public charges against the TVA's two other directors, David E. Lilienthal and Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan. These are the charges that Arthur Morgan refused to discuss with President Roosevelt on the implied ground that they were much too "hot" for any one man—even the President—to handle. In the first ten days of testimony Dr. Morgan has attacked his fellow directors on these grounds: that they instigated a newspaper campaign to make him ridiculous and thereby bring about his downfall; that they contracted with the Aluminum Company of America to sell it large doses of electric power at rates so low they might mean a loss; that David Lilienthal had put off deciding what proportion of the cost of dams should be allocated to power production, thus leaving the determination of rates in the realm of guesswork; that Lilienthal had announced the tentative "yardstick" rates in 1933 without formally notifying his colleagues; and that in the preparation of his case for the congressional committee Dr. Morgan was allowed to speak to TVA employees only in the office of Francis H. Biddle, the committee's chief counsel. At the time of writing David Lilienthal has just begun to answer these charges. He denies that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he alone was responsible for the delay in the allocation of dam costs. He explains that his announcement of the tentative 1933 rate schedule was within the power the other directors had delegated to him. So far Dr. Morgan has produced no startling or new charges—these have been subjects of controversy for months. Why could he not have made them to the President?

How to Win Newspapers

Many people express cynical suspicions about the venality of the press, backed up, generally, by little more than a second-hand anecdote or two about how such-and-such a department store threatened to withdraw all its advertising unless. . . . The press is forever denying its susceptibility to pressure. And the big corporations are equally vocal in their efforts to set our minds at ease. Last week the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, in the course of its investigation into the steel strikes, put some valuable evidence on this subject into the record. It describes the attempts of Republic Steel Corporation officials to persuade the papers in Birmingham, Alabama, to adopt the "correct," anti-CIO view of labor problems and to favor Republic's coming into the district as a competitor of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel. Republic's agents went to work on the friends of the editors and the Birmingham advertisers, trying to win the "radicals" over to a "Christian" point of view. To the credit of the Birmingham editors, Republic considers its efforts wasted. ". . . at some time he is right and the next time he is wrong," read the report on one of the newspapermen. "He won't stay put when you get him put."

News Notes of a Week

Another week of fighting in China brought no important victory to either side. The Japanese claimed to have captured Kiukiang, on the Yangtze-Kiang. . . . The situation in Palestine continued to degenerate toward open war. Both Arabs and Jews accused each other of the violence which took the lives of many more persons. . . . The United States sent a note to Mexico demanding arbitration of the question of paying for land owned by Americans and expropriated by the Mexican government. . . . The dispute between Brazil and Germany was reported settled. . . . In Paris an unofficial world conference on aerial bombardment was opened. . . . The Province of Quebec carried to an absurd length its anti-radical padlock law, when it turned a Communist and his family out of their home.

At home, the National Labor Relations Board confirmed the action of its examiner, Edward G. Smith, in excluding from hearings Clyde Armstrong, general counsel for the Weirton Steel Company. It held that on several occasions his conduct had been "contemptuous and improper." . . . Continuing unrest in Puerto Rico was signalized by an attempt to assassinate the American Governor, Blanton Winship. . . . Bitterness between the factions in the United Automobile Workers was demonstrated in the first day of the "trial" of opponents of Homer Martin. Disorder made it necessary to postpone the formal proceedings.

Free Speech Again

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO in our columns Heywood Broun gently rebuked the Civil Liberties Union for protesting when Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network," was denied use of the air because of the charge that she had slandered the Methodist Bishop of Nebraska and Iowa. He also took the Union to task for its announced intention to defend employers against any attempt to restrict their freedom of speech at the hands of the National Labor Relations Board. Since then several people concerned with civil liberties have urged us to discuss the matter editorially.

In the case of Mrs. Dilling we agree completely with Mr. Broun. Radio stations, like magazines, are subject to libel suits and justifiably endeavor to prevent broadcasters from subjecting them to damage payments. The Bill of Rights merely guarantees the right to talk or print; it does not protect anyone from being sued for slander or libel. Mrs. Dilling has probably gotten away with more damaging untruths about other people than anybody else in the United States. Her "Red Network" is a tissue of misstatements and misleading innuendoes from beginning to end, as the Civil Liberties Union and many of its sponsors well know, being among those whom she attacks. A few of her misstatements have been exposed in The New Republic. She is immune from suit for some of them because they are drawn from public documents like the report of the Lusk Committee in New York—which in spite of its official nature is full of lies. Many who might win damages on the basis of what she has published about them have not brought suit because of the expense, trouble and notoriety involved, or because they are reluctant to help establish the principle that there is anything disgraceful about being associated with socialists or communists, however innocent they may themselves be of revolutionary intentions. It has been contended that ridicule is the best weapon against this sort of defamation. Meanwhile "The Red Network" goes on with its work of provocation, bringing about the blacklisting of speakers and furnishing material for thousands of ignorant "superpatriots." Because Mrs. Dilling is one of the worst enemies of free speech in the United States we should like to see someone restrict her activities by winning a good fat judgment against her, and we cannot conceive what the Civil Liberties Union can be thinking of in trying to compel a radio station to incur the risk of sharing liability for such a judgment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the case of the National Labor Relations Board the issue is more confused. The act from which its authority is derived is intended to safeguard the right of employees to self-organization, free from interference by employers. The Board is directed to protect this right. It is an essential right, and ought to be safeguarded. In proceeding with its duties, the Board has discovered in several cases that an employer has, directly or indirectly, distributed to his employees propaganda against a union which they were being asked to join, or to which they already belonged. Such propaganda could easily be construed as a threat; in any case it looks like undue influence. A recent case of the kind was that of the Muskin Shoe Company, of Westminster, Maryland, which had distributed on company time and company property a speech made in Congress by Representative Clare E. Hoffman of Michigan attacking the CIO. This speech had been reprinted, with illustrations, by the Constitutional Educational League, an anti-labor organization which specializes in printing pamphlets for purchase and distribution by employing interests. The Board decided that the act of the employer in circulating this speech was an unfair labor practice and consequently illegal. Representative Hoffman now declares that the action of the Board is a violation of the constitutional right of free speech.

Here is one of the cases, frequent in the law, where two rights appear to come into conflict with each other. Consideration of such cases has led intelligent men to the conclusion that no right is absolute in the sense that it is primary to all others and cannot in any respect be limited. In the case of free speech itself restrictions have been enacted and upheld, on the basis of the famous question as to whether a man has a right to cry "fire" in a crowded theatre. People do not have the right to incite to riot, when the danger that their remarks will be effective is imminent, or the right to publish or distribute works injurious to morals, or to advocate crime. In all such cases boundaries must be drawn, with due respect to the circumstances and to wise public policy. It is dangerous to free speech to allow restrictions which are not absolutely necessary, and we favor a liberal interpretation of the right. But it is absurd to allege that the right is destroyed, or is due for destruction in its entirety, simply because limitations to it are recognized in specific situations.

If any public authority attempted to suppress attacks against labor on the floor of Congress or in the public press, we should expect the Civil Liberties Union to protest, and we should join them in doing so. But the Labor Board has done no such thing. It has simply forbidden specific employers to circulate anti-union statements to their employees, in the obvious attempt to bring influence to bear to prevent the employees from organizing or from joining a specific organization. That is quite a different matter. It may be wise policy not to try to prevent influence of this kind, because of the free-speech issue involved, even if justification for doing so can be found. It may be that the courts will not uphold such action by the Board. But we think the Civil Liberties Union should consider carefully, before taking sides in such an issue, that another liberty is also at stake which it has heartily espoused in the past—the freedom of labor to organize without interference by employers. Somehow we cannot believe that aiding the causes of Mrs. Dilling, the Constitutional League, anti-union employers or Representative Hoffman is going to do much to safeguard civil liberties in the long run.

Questions for Catholics

So far as we know, leading Catholic circles in the United States have thus far been absolutely silent about a recent book which should have interested them tremendously. It is "Les Grands Cimetières sous la Lune," by Georges Bernanos (discussed in The New Republic of June 22, "What Happened on Majorca"). Although this book, by an ardent Catholic, has been the talk of the Continent for the last few months, we have not been able to find a word about it in either The Commonweal or America, the two chief weekly Catholic journals of the United States. (We understand that The Commonweal plans to review it in the near future.) It is possible that the revelations contained in this book have been at least partly responsible for the recent change in policy—from pro-Franco to "impartiality"—announced by the editors of The Commonweal, and perhaps also for the very mild admission by the editors of America that "Franco is not perfect and the Nationalists make mistakes."

In order to realize the significance of this change, recall that from the very start of the civil war in Spain the two above-mentioned weeklies consistently tried to persuade their readers that Franco was fighting a Holy War against the heathen Reds, and that the spiritual salvation of Spain depended on the outcome of this fight. The fanaticism which resulted from these efforts is suggested by the two final lines of a "poem" published in "America" last November:

> O God! O Christ! O Franco! Anyone!
> Avenge us, please, for some things they have done!

Bernanos' testimony on Spain cannot be put aside lightly even by the most ardent Rebel partisans. When the civil war began, Bernanos lived at Palma, Majorca. Known as a royalist and sympathizer with the Falangist movement—in which his own son served as a lieutenant—he enjoyed the confidence of the Rebel chiefs. For a few weeks, he remained a Franco partisan. But even for this convinced anti-Red, the Rebel atrocities and especially their sanction by the Church,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were too much to bear. And it is especially on the attitude of certain Church officials, this conscious fanning of a spirit of fanaticism and violence by people whom Bernanos calls "the innocent Machiavellis in cassocks who seem to believe that one may maneuver a great nation like a class of sixth-graders," that his book throws a most revealing light.

Until the beginning of the rebellion, Bernanos tells us, the Church and the Catholic parties were unalterably opposed to violence as an instrument of politics. "Hitler was commonly branded by them as the Antichrist, and the nuns of the Sacred Heart at Palma had their pupils pray for the Ethiopian Negus every evening." On the very morning of July 19, 1936, a young Falangist having been killed in a riot, "the personage whom decency and good manners compel me to call His Excellency the Bishop of Majorca had hesitated before granting a religious funeral to this partisan of violence . . . and finally compromised by simply forbidding his priests to wear surplices at the service." Six weeks later, "two hundred inhabitants of the little town of Manacor, having been declared under suspicion by the Italians, were taken out of their beds in the middle of the night, driven in groups to the cemetery, shot and burned in a heap. The personage whom decency and good manners compel me to qualify as the bishop-archbishop had delegated one of his priests, who, standing in a pool of blood, distributed absolutions between volleys. . . . This massacre of unfortunate, defenseless people did not draw forth one word of blame, not even the mildest disclaimer by the ecclesiastic authorities, who organized processions of thanksgiving. . . ."

There are many facts in Bernanos' book vividly illustrating what the Catholic periodical, America, calls Franco's "tender regard for babies and mothers and non-combatants." Our readers are doubtless informed of Franco's atrocities, and we pass over most of them. One passage, however, deserves consideration:

> I am trying to write all this without unnecessary eloquence. . . . I am not busy exposing a more or less hypothetical mafia. These facts are public. . . . Nobody has ever questioned their authenticity. Alas! Many pages would be required in order to make it clear that at last they have ceased to cause indignation. Reason, honor, disavowed them, but our senses remained stricken with stupor. . . . I will quote only one interview given by the nuns of Porto Cristo, which has been published *in extenso* in all the newspapers of Palma: El Dia, El Almudiana (*diario católico*, says its subtitle), Ultima Hora. The tiny town of Porto Cristo was the debarking point of the Catalan forces in August, 1936. . . . These nuns were in charge of a boarding school which was deserted at that season of vacations. The Mother Superior of the convent narrated with spirit the entry of the Reds, the first contact of these frightened women with the Barcelona militiamen who had brutally ordered them to prepare beds for the wounded. Amid the bustle, all of a sudden there appears a South American, a sort of giant, carrying a revolver in his hand, who introduces himself thus: "My sisters, I am a Catholic and a Communist. I will shoot down the first man who shows any lack of respect for you." For two days, this South American devotedly helps the sisters, cares with them for the wounded whose numbers constantly increase, and at his rare moments of leisure is engaged in a ludicrous discussion with the Mother Superior which she reports to the journalist in a moving and humorous tone. Finally, the third day begins to dawn, and the nun thus terminates her narrative: "We hear a lively exchange of shots, the wounded become worried, the militiamen run away, we all throw ourselves on our knees, praying Heaven in behalf of our liberators. The cries *'Viva España!' 'Arriba España!'* resound in our ears, the doors are pushed open. What else shall I tell you? *The brave soldiers come in from all sides, settle their accounts with the wounded. Our South American is the last to be killed.*"

We believe that American Catholic papers have a moral obligation to submit to their readers the evidence of this great Catholic writer whom only a few months ago, upon the publication of a novel of his in America, they praised for "revealing a simplicity so crystalline and a courage so humble" (The Commonweal) and for having produced a "model of how a novel by a Catholic can and should be written" (America). Especially does America owe to its readers a concrete explanation of what it means when it refers to "mistakes." (Bernanos reminds us that although 135 political crimes had been committed in Spain during the five months preceding the rebellion, not a single one of them happened at Majorca. And yet the Rebels *officially* admit having executed three thousand Majorcans.) And how will American Catholic journals answer the charge made by Bernanos that "the Rebel terror would have exhausted its strength long ago were it not for the fact that the tacit or open complicity of the priests and faithful had finally succeeded in giving it a religious character"?

THE NEW REPUBLIC
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1938,
IN THE U. S., BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK

Editors
BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING
Contributing Editors
H. N. BRAILSFORD HEYWOOD BROUN JOHN T. FLYNN
WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN W. P. MANGOLD
JON. MITCHELL LEWIS MUMFORD R. G. TUGWELL
Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE
E. G. WOOD, *Advertising Manager* BYRON DEXTER, *Circulation Manager*

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government Fights for Health

AT THE NATIONAL HEALTH CONFERENCE in Washington there was introduced what is probably the last important item of unfinished business in the New Deal program of social legislation. To the assembly of leaders of medicine, labor, farmer and white-collar consumer groups and public administrators, the governmental committee headed by Miss Josephine Roche reported in voluminous detail its survey of the situation and in rough outline its recommendations for action. According to the studies of the official technicians, some of the striking facts are:

In families on relief, acute illness is 47 percent more prevalent and chronic illness 87 percent more prevalent than in families with incomes of $3,000 or more.

Non-relief families with incomes of less than $1,000 have twice as much illness disability as families with more than $1,000.

Infant mortality is five times as high in families with less than $500 a year as in families with $3,000 or more. Half the babies are born to families on relief or with less than $1,000. The majority of low-income families do not receive adequate pre-natal care; at least half the deaths of mothers and children in the first month of life are preventable.

Forty percent of the counties in the United States, containing 17,000,000 persons, do not have a registered general hospital.

About 40 million persons, in families with less than $800 annual income, cannot pay for medical services and in many cases do not receive adequate care.

It is useless to repeat in more detail the familiar conclusions showing the relation between poverty and disease, the lack of sufficient medical facilities and personnel in many sections of the country, the unnecessarily high incidence of preventable or controllable diseases and premature deaths. There were disputes about the statistics, but all admitted the existence of a large unsatisfied need: the testimony of those in contact with the consumers of services was unanimous and impressive on this point. Probably, as Miss Dorothy C. Kahn, director of the Philadelphia County Relief Board, pointed out, we shall not discover the real extent of the need until we have made some provision to meet it.

The Committee recommended a long-term program: First, expansion of maternal and child-health services; second, expansion of hospital facilities; third, public medical care for the medically needy (approximately one-third of the population); fourth, a medical-care program for the whole population to be financed by taxation or insurance methods or both; fifth, insurance against loss of wages during sickness. It is roughly estimated that such a program would cost, at the point of highest development, to be reached after about ten years, $850,000,000. About half of this would be paid by the federal government; the rest by states and localities. No rigid, bureaucratic scheme was suggested; large scope would be left for state, local and non-governmental initiative.

The Submerged Conflict. – Hearty approval of the recommendations, and indeed, determination to put them through as promptly as possible, was evinced by all of the powerful groups represented, except one—the American Medical Association. Its president, Dr. Irvin Abell, speaking early in the meeting, expressed the concern of the profession in maintaining the quality of medical care. He cast doubt on the figures of the report and stated that the Association was conducting its own survey of the problem, county by county. He emphasized opposition to "formulas imposed on our people as a whole," to "a centrally controlled medical-service plan." He said that "the people of the United States are receiving today the best medical care, and have on the whole, the best organized and the most effective health departments of any country on the globe." He called for controlled experiments before acceptance of any measure or method. While little that he said would be categorically denied by the sponsors of the Conference, it was obvious that he was putting on the brakes—especially so in view of the past bitter opposition of the Association to all forms of health insurance or state medicine.

The conflict between organized medicine and the proponents of social insurance did not long remain dormant. The divergence from the AMA was expressed in a witty speech by a distinguished physician—Dr. Hugh Cabot of the Mayo Clinic and of the "insurgent" group in the Association. He wanted to "get over this survey business and get on with the war." He did not have confidence in the results of the AMA survey "because I am not clear by precisely what method physicians are to know about the people whom they never see." In obvious reference to the Association's concern about quality of service he spoke of "the policy of doing nothing and doing it very skillfully." He described the young doctors spending "years of their lives in those leisure hours known to the profession as office hours." The demand of the consumers to be heard about the problem had impressed him. What probably shocked the Association authorities most, however, were his statements that there are large areas where the practice of medicine is "medieval," that "the profession is quite incapable of keeping up its own standards" and that the government must be called in to help. And his final shot concerned the contrast between medicine as "a competitive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

business and its ideal of service." "Is it possible in a highly commercialized environment to maintain a service organization on a competitive basis?"

The laughter and thundering applause that greeted Dr. Cabot's irreverent sallies stung Dr. West, secretary and general manager of the Association, to make an indignant and defiant reply to what he supposed was an assault on the medical profession. So high did the feeling run that there were scarcely veiled threats that the Association's delegation would withdraw, and boycott the whole proceedings simply because Dr. Cabot had been allowed a place on the rostrum. Diplomacy eventually repaired the opening breach, but there is little doubt that official medicine will be found in the opposition to some at least of the practical measures that may be introduced in Congress to implement the program.

A Medical Danger. – It is unfortunate that organized medicine has devoted so much energy to flat and often biased opposition to most of the suggested plans for social medicine, and so little energy to constructive proposals for meeting the need. For there is a danger that its attitude will prevent it from being as effective as it ought to be in safeguarding the quality of service rendered under any scheme of public medicine—and some such scheme is certain to be adopted, with or without the Association's approval. The doctors are certainly right in fearing that the lay public is too likely to regard medical service as a uniform commodity, and to believe that all that is necessary is to speed up its production and distribute it more equally. There are intangibles involved in the quality of treatment, and in the much talked-of doctor-patient relationship, that are not so foolish as they sound on the lips of some who use these phrases to obstruct all progress in the providing of a greater quantity of medical care.

These things, which many doctors feel in their bones, they are usually not able to state in scientific terms or in such a way as to show the layman what they really mean. Yet, on one front, the vanguard of the profession has begun to understand more precisely what is meant by the "art" of medicine—namely, those psychiatrists who have been investigating so-called psychosomatic medicine.

According to this view, illnesses cannot be sharply divided between bodily and mental disease. Rather, most illness has both components. The patient should be treated, not just for separate symptoms, but as a whole personality. If he has heart trouble or gastric ulcer, the basic difficulty may be emotional. Indeed, emotional factors are almost always present in the chronic diseases that have now become the main causes of death or disability and that give rise to the greater part of medical expense.

But if patients are to be served as complete personalities, they cannot be run through a diagnostic machine or treated wholesale. Time is required, and careful attention to each individual over a sufficiently long period. There must be also a high degree of personal confidence and regard between the doctor and the patient. A system that tempted doctors to take too many patients at low charges per head would be disastrous to the development of this type of practice. Systems that reduced the mutual responsibility as between doctor and patient, making the doctor a mere bureaucratic agent, would injure it. In addition, the general practitioner must be more adequately trained in psychiatry, and enough psychiatric specialists must be available.

There is another inference from this relatively new realm of science which is pertinent. The layman assumes that sickness is just an unfortunate accident, and that every sick person wants to get well as soon as possible. It is known, on the contrary, that many are sick or remain so because they really want to be—perhaps unknown to themselves. That does not mean that they take innocent pleasure in suffering. But sickness may be a way of escape from an intolerable conflict. Or it may be an unconscious instrument of revenge, or a way of demanding care and attention, when independence is too difficult. A system that provided complete medical care to everyone, without any financial sacrifice, might make it a little too easy to yield to the temptation to be sick, especially if the patients were not treated by those skilled in removing emotional difficulties.

It is not argued that present medical practice is sufficiently advanced in this respect. Nor is it argued that the facilities now available to the well-to-do should not be made available to the rest of the population. But there is real danger that a new system of public medicine might crystallize the less efficient methods of present practice, or might even increase the total amount of illness, unless care were taken in these matters.

An Economic Danger. – There is also an economic peril that will have to be carefully considered. Is any program of compulsory health insurance to be financed by payroll taxes or by uniform taxes on the individuals included, as are the present unemployed and old-age benefits? The burden of payroll taxes on employer and worker is already heavy, and will become more so in successive years, without the addition of any more. This type of tax is not distributed according to ability to pay. It tends to increase costs, to raise prices, to reduce purchasing power, and to decrease employment by putting marginal firms out of business. It is a powerful drag on any tendency there may be to produce abundance.

The prospect of additional payroll taxes might create so much resistance as to endanger this part of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scheme for medical care. If enacted, they might tend to produce more poverty and unemployment, and thus aggravate the evil that it is desired to cure. For these reasons it is essential—and quite possible—to finance the plan largely from graduated taxes on incomes.

For the same reasons it is necessary to pay a good deal of attention not merely to distributing the cost of increased medical care by insurance or otherwise, but also to reducing the unit cost, without impairing the quality of service. There is good reason to believe that great gains in efficiency may be made, particularly in hospitals and in their utilization.

The Ridge of the Hill. – The Health Conference did not and could not, of course, consider even important details such as these. No legislation has been drafted; Miss Roche's committee merely demonstrated the need, made the general recommendations and mobilized what is now seen to be a powerful and widespread support for prompt action. There is no doubt that the issue has come alive. The job of bringing it to birth has been well done. As Surgeon General Dr. Thomas Parran said, the conference marked "the ridge of the hill between the old indifference to health as a matter of national concern and a new understanding that health is the first and most appropriate object for national action." It now remains to express the new determination in concrete measures. It is to be hoped that they will be so drafted as to exclude costly and avoidable mistakes.

GEORGE SOULE

The Young Man from Manchester

IN THE FALL OF 1842, when Marx was editing the Rheinische Zeitung, a highly intelligent young man who had been contributing to the paper came to see him. The son of a Rhineland manufacturer, he had just been converted to communism and was passing through Cologne on his way to England, whither he was going with the double object of learning his father's business in Manchester and of studying the Chartist movement.

Karl Marx, who was only beginning to read the communists and who as yet knew little or nothing about Manchester, received him with the utmost coldness. He was then in the midst of one of those feuds with former associates which were to be a recurrent feature of his life. The result of the all-powerful reaction had been to cause the young Hegelians in Berlin to recoil into a theoretical intransigence; and since their position of pure atheism and pure communism, which made no contact with actual society, excluded all possibility of affecting the course of events by ordinary agitation, they had resorted to a policy of clowning not unlike that by which the Dadaists of after the World War attempted, in a similar fashion, to shock a world of which they totally despaired and which they could only desire to insult. Karl Marx hated the clowning and considered the intransigence futile: he was trying to make his paper a practical political force. He had been cutting and refusing to publish the contributions of his friends in Berlin; and it was to be increasingly characteristic of Marx that he passed readily from a critical mistrust, based on sound intellectual grounds, to a hateful and unhealthy suspicion. Here already he assumed that the young traveler was an emissary from his enemies in Berlin, and he sent Friedrich Engels away without ever finding out what there was in him or understanding what he was up to.

Engels was two and a half years younger than Marx, but he had already some reputation as a writer. He had been born (November 28, 1820) in the industrial town of Barmen, where good stone houses lined a well paved street. Between the houses one sometimes got a glimpse of a clear little river called the Wupper, which flowed away into the Rhine between softly rolling banks, between green bleacheries, red-roofed houses, gardens, meadows and woods. So he described it in a pseudonymous letter—written when Engels was eighteen, and written remarkably well—for a paper which Gutzkow was editing. But on the opposite bank of the Wupper, he wrote, one found the narrow and characterless streets of Elberfeld, where the first spinning machine in Germany had been set up; and the river, as it ran through the double town, was flanked by the textile factories and muddied with purple dye. Friedrich Engels was already aware that "the fresh and vigorous popular life which existed almost all over Germany" had disappeared in his native town. One never heard the old folk-songs in Barmen-Elberfeld: the mill-workers sang dirty common songs—and they sang them howling drunk in the streets. Drinking beer and Rhine wine, he reflected, had once been a jolly affair; but now that cheap spirits were being sent in from Prussia, the tavern life was becoming more and more brutal. The workers got drunk every night; they were always fighting and sometimes killed one another. When they were turned out of their grogshops at closing time, they would go to sleep in the haylofts or stables or fall down on people's dungheaps or front steps.

The reasons for this, wrote Engels, were quite plain. All day they had been working in low-ceilinged rooms, where they had been breathing more dust and coal smoke than oxygen; they had been crouching above their looms and scorching their backs against the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stove. From the time that they had been six years old, everything possible had been done to deprive them of strength and the enjoyment of life. There was nothing left for them but evangelism and brandy.

Young Friedrich Engels's father was in the textile business himself, and he was strong for the evangelism, if not for the brandy. He had factories both in Manchester and in Barmen. His grandfather had founded the business in the last half of the eighteenth century, and was said to have been the first manufacturer to build up a permanent industrial community by giving homes to those of the workers, a floating population at that date, who had commended themselves through industry and conduct, and subtracting the cost from their wages. Friedrich's father was progressive in the sense that he was the first manufacturer of the Rhineland to install English machines in his mills; but he was a pillar of the most rigorous party of the Calvinism which dominated the locality, and a bigot of the most crushing kind.

Friedrich Engels, with his natural gayety and his enthusiasm for literature and music, grew up in a cage of theology, from which it took him a long time to escape. For the "Pietism" which his father professed, righteousness meant unremitting work; and work meant his own kind of business. He would not allow novels in the house; and young Friedrich hoped to be a poet. Old Caspar, who felt the boy needed steadying, sent him to Bremen to live with a pastor and to work in an export office. Then Strauss's "Life of Jesus" set in motion for Friedrich the machinery of rationalist criticism. Yet for months he still declared himself a "supernaturalist"; and the truth was that the religious instincts of young Engels were not to be extinguished but rather to be fed by the new doctrine with which he was now to become preoccupied. He found his lost God again in the Absolute Idea of Hegel.

He wrote notices of theatre and opera, travel sketches, mythological stories; poems on oriental subjects in the manner of Freiligrath: the old rebuke from the brave faraway to the dismal and pedestrian present. He adored and translated Shelley; and he wrote revolutionary rhapsodies of his own to the freedom which was surely coming and which was apparently to make Germany as good-natured and laughter-loving and frank as an ideal unindustrialized Rhineland: the new sun, the new wine, the new song!

The young Engels is a very attractive figure. He was tall and slender, with blond hair and bright and piercing blue eyes. Unlike the obdurately brooding Marx, he was physically as well as mentally flexible, lively and active. In Bremen he loved to fence, loved to ride; swam the Weser once four times at a stretch. He was observant and filled his letters with drawings of the people he saw: broad brokers who always began everything they said with "According to my way of thinking—"; young men with dashing mustaches, heavy fringes of beard, and foils; a queer old party who got drunk every morning and came out in front of his house and slapped himself on the chest and declared to the world: "I am a burgher!"; wagoners riding without saddles and bargemen loading coffee at the docks; seedy-looking *Weltschmerz* poets, one of whom Engels insists is writing a book on *Weltschmerz* as the only sure way of getting thin. He himself seems to have written verse almost as easily as prose; and he picked up languages with marvelous facility: one of the things which seems chiefly to have pleased him at the young business men's club which he frequented was the variety of foreign papers. He loved good wine and did an immense amount of drinking: one of the most amusing of his incidental drawings depicts a disgusted elderly connoisseur who has just tasted some sour wine, contrasted with the urbane and cheerful countenance of the traveling salesman who has just induced him to buy it. He liked music, joined a singing society and composed some choral pieces for it. He writes his sister that Liszt has just given a concert in Bremen, and that Liszt is a wonderful man: the ladies have been swooning all over him and keeping the dregs from his tea in cologne bottles, but the master had left them cold and gone out to drink with some students, and he had run up a bill in the public house of no less than three thousand thaler—let alone what he'd put away in other places!

What is to be noted in Engels from the beginning is his sympathetic interest in life. Marx's thinking, though realistic in a moral sense and though sometimes enriched by a peculiar kind of imagery, always tends to state social processes in terms of abstract logical developments or to project mythological personifications; he almost never perceives ordinary human beings. Engels's sense of the world is quite different: he sees naturally and with a certain simplicity of heart into the lives of other people. Where Karl Marx during his years at the university seems to have written to his family rarely and then only to tell them of his ambitions, Engels continues through imagination and feeling to participate in the life of his even after he has gone to Bremen. Whenever he writes to his sister, he is able to see his own experience through her eyes —from the day in 1838 when he describes to her in such accurate detail a hen with her seven little chickens, one of which is black and will eat bugs off your hand, to the day in 1842 when he tells her about his new spaniel, who has "displayed a great talent for tavern life" and goes the rounds of the tables to be fed. And at the same time he can be with them at home; he sends his sister a little scene in dramatic form depicting current goings-on in the household—a large well-to-do middle-class family, evidently, in spite of old Caspar's relentless Bible-reading, pretty cultivated, good-humored and lively. He follows

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marie in imagination to her boarding-school, returns with her to Barmen when she leaves and sees her entering on her new young lady's life of freedom. He writes her a mocking and charming set of verses about a lame student she has met at Bonn and whom she is supposed to have found more attractive than more aristocratic and prepossessing beaux.

One day he went down to the docks to see a ship that was sailing for America. The first cabin was "elegant and comfortably furnished, like an aristocratic salon, in mahogany ornamented with gold"; but when he descended to the steerage, he found the people "packed in like the paving-stones in the streets," men, women and children, sick and well, dumped together among their baggage, and he pictured them to himself in a storm which would churn them all around in a heap and make it necessary for them to close the porthole through which they had had their only ventilation. He saw that they were good strong honest Germans, "certainly by no means the worst that the Fatherland produces," who had been bedeviled by the feudal estates between serfdom and independence till they had decided to abandon the Fatherland.

From Bremen he removed to Berlin in the autumn of 1841 to put in his year of military service. He had chosen Berlin on account of the university: he had had no academic training, and he wanted to study philosophy. Then he fell in with the same set of young Hegelians who had had so stimulating an effect on Marx. It was the year of the publication of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity," which for Engels performed the service of setting him free from theology and standing him firmly in the world of human action; and it was also the year of "The European Triarchy," a book by a man named Moses Hess, the son of a Jewish manufacturer, who had traveled in England and France and who had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to eliminate the hatreds between nations without getting rid of commercial competition. Hess seems to have been the first German writer to canalize the current of Saint-Simonism into the main stream of German thought, and when the young Engels met him later at Cologne, Hess quickly converted him to communism.

The next November Engels went to England and remained there for twenty-two months. It was a period of economic depression of unprecedented severity for England. The cotton mills of Manchester were standing idle; the streets were full of unemployed workmen: they begged from the passersby with the threatening demeanor of rebels. The Chartist movement for universal suffrage and representation of the working class in Parliament had come to a climax the summer before in a general strike of the whole north of England, which had been broken when the constabulary had fired on one of these formidable crowds. The next May there was a strike of the brickmakers, which resulted in a bloody riot. In Wales the impoverished peasants were destroying the toll-keepers' houses.

Friedrich Engels brought to the city of Manchester the comprehensive and anatomizing eye of a highly intelligent foreigner. He explored it until, so he said, he had come to know it as well as his own town. Barmen-Elberfeld had given him the clue to it. He studied the layout of the city and saw its commercial center surrounded by a girdle of working-class sections, and, outside the working-class girdle, the villas and gardens of the owners merging pleasantly into the country around; and he saw how the owners had arranged it so that it was possible for them to travel back and forth between the Exchange and their homes without ever being obliged to take cognizance of the condition of the working-class quarters, because the streets by which they passed through these sections were solidly lined with shops which hid the misery and dirt behind them. Yet it was impossible to walk through Manchester without encountering three or four persons strangely crippled, with knock-knees and crooked spines: reminders of that suppressed and stunted race whose energies kept Manchester going.

This race Engels carefully observed. He was having a love affair with a factory girl, an Irishwoman named Mary Burns, who seems to have fired his revolutionary spirit at the same time that she served him as a guide to the city. He saw the people living like rats in the wretched little dens of their dwellings, whole families, sometimes more than one family, swarming in a single room, well and diseased, adults and children, close relations sleeping together, sometimes even without beds to sleep on when all the furniture had been sold for firewood, sometimes in damp, underground cellars which had to be bailed out when the weather was wet; sometimes living in the same room with the pigs; ill nourished on flour mixed with gypsum and cocoa mixed with dirt, poisoned by ptomaine from tainted meat, doping themselves and their wailing children with laudanum; spending their lives, without a sewage system, among the piles of their excrement and garbage; spreading epidemics of typhus and cholera which even made inroads into the well-to-do sections.

The increasing demand for women and children at the factories was throwing the fathers of families permanently out of work, arresting the physical development of the girls, letting the women in for illegitimate motherhood and yet compelling them to come to work when they were pregnant and before they had recovered from having their babies, and ultimately turning a good many of them into prostitutes; while the children, fed into the factories at the age of five or six, receiving little care from mothers who were themselves at the factory all day and no education at all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from a community which wanted them only to perform mechanical operations, would drop exhausted when they were let out of their prisons, too tired to wash or eat, let alone study or play; sometimes too tired to get home at all. In the iron and coal mines, also, women and children as well as men spent the better part of their lives crawling underground in narrow tunnels, and, emerging, found themselves caught in the meshes of the company cottage and the company store and of the two-week postponement of wages. They were being killed off at the rate of fourteen hundred a year through the breaking of rotten ropes, the caving-in of workings due to overexcavated seams and the explosions due to bad ventilation and to the negligence of tired children; if they escaped catastrophic accidents, the lung diseases eventually got them. The agricultural population, for its part, deprived by the industrial development of their old status of handicraftsmen and yeomen who either owned their own land and homes or were taken care of with more or less certainty by a landlord on whose estate they were tenants, had been transformed into wandering day laborers, for whom nobody took responsibility and who were punished by jail or transportation if they ventured in times of need to steal and eat the landlord's game.

It seemed to Engels that the medieval serf, who had at least been attached to the land and had a definite position in society, had had an advantage over the factory worker. At that period when legislation for the protection of labor had hardly seriously gotten under way, the old peasantry and hand-workers of England, and even the old petty middle class, were being shoveled into the mines and the mills like so much raw material for the prices their finished products would bring, with no attempt even to dispose of the waste. In years of depression the surplus people, so useful in years of good business, were turned out upon the town to become peddlers, crossing-sweepers, scavengers or simply beggars—sometimes whole families were seen begging in the streets—and, almost as frequently, whores and thieves. Thomas Malthus, said Engels, had asserted that the increase of population was always pressing on the means of subsistence so that it was necessary for considerable numbers to be exterminated by hardship and vice; and the new Poor Law had put this doctrine into practice by turning the poorhouses into prisons so inhuman that the poor preferred to starve outside.

All this brought a revelation to Engels. He saw the pressure of labor conditions in Parliament, where debate on the Poor Relief Bill and the Factory Act had recently crowded into the background the middle-class movement against the Corn Laws, and he came to the conclusion that "class antagonisms" were "completely changing the aspect of political life." He now clearly understood for the first time the importance of economic interests, which had hitherto been assigned by the historians either a trifling role or no role at all. Engels saw that, under modern conditions at any rate, these were undoubtedly a decisive factor.

In London he found a city of more people than he had ever seen together before, but they seemed to him a population of atoms. Were they not, "the hundreds of thousands of all classes and ranks crowding past one another," all nevertheless "human beings with the same facilities and powers, and with the same interest in being happy? And have they not in the end to seek happiness in the same way, by the same means? And still they crowd by one another as though they had nothing in common, nothing to do with one another, and as if their only agreement were the tacit one, that each shall keep to his own side of the pavement, in order not to delay the opposing streams of the crowd, while it never occurs to anyone to honor his fellows with so much as a glance. The brutal indifference, the unfeeling isolation of each in his private interest becomes the more repellent, the more these individuals are crowded together within a limited space."

This conception of the individual in modern society as helpless, sterile and selfish was one of the main themes of nineteenth-century thought, and in our own time it has been felt, if possible, even more intensely. We have seen how the historian Michelet, writing at the same moment as Engels, was tending increasingly to interpret the world in terms of an anti-social egoism opposed to an ideal of solidarity, how he succeeded by a return to the past in escaping from that sinister solitude by identifying himself with the French nation, and how he later tried to find reassurance against the antagonisms which he felt in society through a mystical belief in "the People." We have seen how one of the first ideas of the young Marx was that there was a danger in egoistic interests if preferred to the service of humanity. With Saint-Simon, the disintegration of Catholicism and the feudal system with which his heredity connected him, had caused him, in the years of disorder that followed the Revolution, to elaborate a new system of hierarchies which should win unity and order for the future. The utopian socialists like Fourier, who found competitive society intolerable, were protecting themselves in a similar fashion against the feeling of isolation from their fellows by imagining a new kind of coöperation.

The further advance of industrial civilization created more murderous conflicts; and an intimate contact with that civilization sharpened the conviction of the need for a new reconciliation. To Engels, in his early twenties, it seemed that a society so divided must be headed straight for civil war and for the consequent abolition of the system of competition and exploitation. The middle class in England was swiftly being absorbed from both sides, and there would soon be nothing left of English society but a desperate proletariat con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fronting an overrich owning class. From this owning class it appeared to him impossible to expect even a working arrangement: they seemed to him determined to ignore the situation. On one occasion when he had come into Manchester in the company of an English bourgeois, he had spoken of the terrible misery and said he had "never seen so ill built a city"; the gentleman had quietly listened and then remarked at the corner when they were parting: "And yet there is a great deal of money made here; good morning, sir."

It seemed to Engels that the "educated classes," whose sole education consisted in having been annoyed with Latin and Greek in their school days, read nothing but biblical commentaries and long novels. Only Carlyle in his just published "Past and Present" had shown anything approaching a consciousness of the seriousness of English conditions; and Carlyle was unfortunately full of the wrong kind of German philosophy: the intoxication with ideas about God which prevented people from believing in mankind. What the English badly needed, he declared, was the new kind of German philosophy, which showed how man could at last become his own master.

But in the meantime the English workers would certainly demand their rights in a revolt which would make the French Revolution look gentle; and when the workers had come to power, they would certainly establish the only kind of regime which could give society a real coherence. Engels imagined a consummation in communism not very much different from that which Saint-Simon had proclaimed before his death; but for the first time he conceived this consummation as the consequence of something other than a vague and general movement: it was to be the upshot of definite events. Engels was sure that he saw it already in the slogan evolved by the Chartists: "Political power our means, social happiness our end." EDMUND WILSON

This is the third of a series of five articles discussing the early days of Marx and Engels. – THE EDITORS

The CIO and Unemployment

WHEN the CIO held its first conference in Atlantic City in October, 1937, it was confronted with a new depression and swollen figures on unemployment. The middle class hardly realized that the recession had begun, but steel and other mass industries were laying off workers by the tens of thousands, and the big CIO unions were beginning to shrink. Such a development was cheerfully contemplated by the American Federation of Labor. But in spite of all its prophecies of CIO collapse, the hoped-for distintegration has not taken place. In fact, although some industrial unions have lost membership, others have actually gained; and a high government official, returning recently from a coast-to-coast survey of the labor situation, reports that the unions everywhere are holding their own with unexpected firmness.

The reason is that once again, this time in its approach to unemployment, the CIO has shown great capacity for realistic pioneering. Flexibly adapting its program to real need, it has created the first workable plan for the care of jobless union members in the history of the American labor movement. In the past the payment of union dues was a prerequisite for belonging to a union. When a man lost his job his union status went along with it, and every depression, even lay-off, saw the unions seriously weakened. The only exception was the United Mine Workers of America. This organization has experienced the hardships of seasonal unemployment to an unusual degree and long ago made a ruling that an unemployed member did not lose his union status for not paying dues.

Perhaps this experience in his own union explains why John L. Lewis has spent so much time and thought on plans for the unemployed worker. But the entire CIO leadership, from Assistant Manager John Brophy to the most obscure organizer, has cooperated in evolving and carrying out the present program, which goes far beyond the old policy of the United Mine Workers. Realizing that the remarkable gains of 1936-37 had been made on a temporarily rising market, the leaders saw that a really strong union must care for its members in bad times as well as good. Obviously this involved a fight to maintain wages and hours for the employed workers, plus a fight for *adequate relief for the unemployed.*

The Atlantic City conference of October, 1937, passed resolutions and made plans in preparation for this relief battle. Unemployment committees were set up in every union local, and regional councils were soon formed to coördinate the program. The regional director in each case is chairman and secretary of the industrial council, and representatives from the international unions affiliated with the CIO, as well as representatives from the Workers' Alliance, constitute the regional committee. These councils have proved tireless in recruiting new members, arranging meetings and issuing literature. Ralph Hetzel Jr. is Unemployed Director for the CIO nationally.

This flexible set-up is geared to carry on several kinds of activity. In the first place there has been no halt in the business of building and preserving the CIO unions. A folder issued by the Cleveland Industrial Council may be taken as typical. "Organize the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WPA projects," it advised. "Unite all forces. Protect your job." More specific instructions followed:

1. All CIO members, stick to your union.
2. Workers from CIO-organized industries now on the WPA, join the CIO unions of your industry—NOW.
3. All other workers—join the Workers' Alliance.

Thus the CIO not only does not drop its old members when they lose their jobs, but recruits new members from the ranks of the unemployed. (In the typical union local the dues are ten cents a month for the man on relief.) Such novel union-building would not succeed, however, if the weight and influence of the entire CIO were not directed toward the fight for adequate expansion of relief. The principal demand of the unions today is for an extension of the WPA to include 3,500,000 jobs for able-bodied unemployed people, and a three-billion-dollar fund to provide for these jobs for one year. The program continues:

All workers should be employed on work suited to their needs and skills.

Projects should be socially necessary and productive. That means low-cost housing, slum clearance, flood control, building of schools and hospitals, health measures, cultural and white-collar projects and vocational training.

Jobs should be given to those who need jobs. Honest, decent unemployed workers must not be forced to degrade themselves as paupers. There must be no means test.

Those working part-time in industry should be given at least enough extra work to bring their income up to an American standard.

The money for this program should be so appropriated as to make possible the meeting of current needs wherever and whenever they arise. No more Woodrum amendments that stop the provision of jobs when emergencies arise.

This statesmanlike program is undoubtedly destined to be of broadening significance in the future, both to employed and unemployed workers. Labor's power was impressively demonstrated, for example, in the pressure exerted upon legislators by Labor's Non-Partisan League to further the passage of the federal relief bill.

But even more immediate is the third aspect of the CIO offensive against unemployment—the fight to help the jobless worker *now*. It is a day-to-day fight to get the worker on local relief, to get him a WPA job, or to straighten out the problems of his unemployment insurance. To see how this works out for the individual, let us consider a typical union, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers. If an unemployed member from New York or Brooklyn needs help, he goes to the district headquarters in the old brick house at 262 Fulton Street. Here his case is considered by the committee, which has behind it not only District 4 of the UERMW, but the backing of the International Union and the whole CIO. These organizations are too big to get the run-around, and the applicant gets what he needs.

For instance, he may be applying for unemployment-insurance benefits. Before the committee was organized the worker would have been dependent on the statement of his former employer, who might hold a grudge; today he is assured of a fair hearing. William Newman, chairman of the Unemployment Insurance Benefits and Relief of the UERMW, says that the word of his committee is taken in preference to that of the employers.

The committee has also done a good job in cutting through delay and red tape in order to give the applicant prompt aid. When the Unemployment Insurance Benefit Commission was set up, every case handled had to be sent to Albany before it was decided upon, regardless of the applicant's need. The union's committee put on pressure and finally at a conference called by Mr. Paul Sifton, No. 2 man of the Commission, a new policy was adopted to decentralize responsibility. Now it is possible for any district office of the Unemployment Benefit Commission to decide on each case. The union's unemployment committee takes up these cases, many of which involve confusing legal questions, and brings them, forty and fifty at a time, to 242 Madison Avenue, the New York headquarters of the Commission. Under the committee's pressure, rehearings are given swiftly, after which the committee sees to it that the reports are sent out to the proper district offices of the Commission, of which there are nineteen in New York City. The union sees to it that immediate action is taken in each case. The time of waiting before relief is obtained has been cut down to a few days.

The same union has made other important gains in the last year. In addition to taking care of hundreds of relief cases, the committee has formulated a legislative program designed to amend the laws covering unemployment-insurance benefits. Another problem the committee had to face was that of educating their own unemployed union members, unaccustomed in the past to the idea of receiving aid from the union. An indirect result has been that the UERMW has grown in membership during the recent business breakdown and has signed an agreement with General Electric.

The Radio and Electrical Workers are merely a typical example of what is happening in CIO unions throughout the country. In many of the automobile towns the UAW offices are the best places to go for relief. Work goes on, not only among the old membership, but among the auto workers who have not already joined the union. There is by this time a large membership among the unemployed Ford workers. When Mr. Ford, who throws fifty thousand men out of work without winking, comes to take them back, he will find them organized in the UAW. Of course some will sooner or later be terrorized out of union membership, but many others will remain loyal to the only agency which helped them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By this bold and flexible unemployment program, the CIO has been able to enlarge its work, not abandon it, as the depression deepened. It has held on to its old members to a surprising degree; it has reached thousands of new ones because it has met their most tragic need. At the same time it has learned the value of education for the general public. Throughout the country the CIO has sponsored many meetings to make the community conscious of the unemployment problem—meetings like the People's Conference on Security, held at Niagara Falls in the spring. Here twenty-two groups joined forces to seek a way out of the morass of unemployment.

Now a still further development in the unemployed program seems to be under way. There are repeated rumors that the Workers' Alliance may be ultimately absorbed by the CIO unemployment committees. No confirmation of this has been given by the CIO. Still, it would seem a logical step, and one which would strengthen the position of both the union and the unemployed. But whatever develops, the CIO is already the champion of the jobless worker, and may wrest a real victory from what looked like sure defeat.

MARY HEATON VORSE

The Fur Strike

IN THIS YEAR OF REPRESSION the New York Fur Workers' Union waged a fifteen weeks' battle (seven weeks of lockout and eight weeks of general strike) to win a most significant victory. Wages were increased, the total output was limited, the trial period halved and, best of all, an increased measure of job security introduced in the new three-year contract. None of the standards previously established was weakened. The closed shop, paid holidays, the thirty-five-hour week and the outlawing of contracting continue.

Most important is the provision extending job security over the entire season (May 1 to December 31). For twenty-five years the fur workers have fought for "equal division of work"—for the right of workers in the same line to share the available work continuously. Ben Gold, union president, charged that "you [the fur manufacturers] are interested in maintaining this system of discharge which enables you to create an army of unemployed, to reduce wages, to increase the speed-up system, to discriminate against loyal union members and to create friction between the employed and the unemployed," in order to break the union. Henceforth no regular worker can be fired (after a two weeks' trial) during the season of eight months.

In time of stress such gains are not lightly won. The furriers' traditional militance and the confidence which they have in the union administration provide the fertile ground in which such victories can grow. The unanimity of the fur union shows, incidentally, that differences of political belief and affiliation need not prevent the development of a united union and a genuine collective leadership.

The furriers grimly prepared their demands after one of the worst seasons in the trade's history, knowing that the employers would be in no hurry to settle. The manufacurers stalled and finally broke off negotiations on January 29, two days before the old agreement expired. On February 11, they proclaimed a lockout, hoping to provoke a strike when there was practically no work, thereby saving themselves money and bankrupting the union.

The union waited. Only those shops whose workers were locked out were declared on strike. Unemployment insurance and relief were obtained for many workers. Committees of all kinds swung into action. The Furriers' Joint Council characterized the lockout as intimidation intended to smash the union and entered suit for $1,000,000 back pay for the locked-out workers. Twice the union forced the manufacturers to resume negotiations, but could make no headway with them.

Every week that action was delayed put the workers in a stronger position. It was not until March 31, with every avenue to peaceful settlement cut off, with the rush season in the offing and the highly skilled work of sample-making about to start, that the general fur strike began.

By that time the workers were organized to conduct every phase of strike activity. Moreover, out-of-town locals saw that no New York work was done in their territories, and the labor movement, including many A. F. of L. unions, gave its moral support, pledging financial aid if necessary.

The trade was at a standstill, the strikers enthusiastic. In the middle of May, when the struggle entered its fifteenth week, the manufacturers decided that discretion was still the better part of valor and agreed to resume negotiations. While these were in process the CIO offered to loan $50,000 to the union and promised unlimited support. The manufacturers' resistance broke and the settlement with the Furriers' Joint Council soon followed. Smaller locals (three of which were organized during the strike) promptly won similar agreements.

When these agreements were signed, the labor movement celebrated its victory in a major test case. It is interesting to note that this union is the one cited by Stolberg as the "classic and horrible example" of a union "under open Communist leadership." He also said that "its contracts are mainly renewals." John L. Lewis wrote Ben Gold that this "magnificent victory . . . will go far to sustain other CIO unions in their fight against wage cuts." Representative Bernard remarked that "Fur workers have shown that wage cuts, firmly resisted, can be turned into wage increases and new victories." And they have.

LEE LORCH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radio Bores from Within

THE BRITISH operate their radio on the theory that an occasional interval of silence is no disgrace. Not so the Americans. In the United States silence is practically prohibited on the air. The American radio is devoted wholeheartedly to the principle of something doing every minute. The show must go on—and on.

It is in the good old summer time that the radio schedules are most profusely dotted with yawning holes that must be filled. The minute hand of the clock is an inexorable slave-driver lashing program thinker-uppers to grind out an extraordinary amount of plain and fancy gibberish. Let us consider some of these pixilated forays into unexplored entertainment country.

Singing mice turned up all over the country a year or two ago and it looked as if America was about to become mouse-conscious in a big way. Despite favorable impressions, none of the talented rodents ever reached radio stardom. But the mice made radio program-builders lovers of living critters. From then on the filler-inners had a definitely zoölogical *Leit-motif*.

There was, for example, a prize contest, conducted by a station in Washington, D. C., for the parrot with the best diction and personality. In Philadelphia, Station KYW broadcast the milking of a snake by the local curator of reptiles. Station KWK, St. Louis, matched a coyote with a radio announcer in a contest to see which could yowl the louder. The coyote's high C completely outclassed the announcer. In Boston there was a local broadcast of a troupe of trained fleas just arrived from Europe. The amusing little immigrants, not speaking a word of English, had to be approached through their trainer-interpreter, who told all about their likes and dislikes and eccentricities.

Radio did not overlook the entertainment possibilities in hog-calling. That in turn suggested variations. Husband-calling, dinner-calling and junior-calling had sessions on the air. The scouts never found a hog that was good at farmer-calling.

Cincinnati's WKRC assigned an announcer with portable microphone to participate in a picnic prank involving a race between heifers. The announcer held his microphone in one hand, the cow's tail in the other, and while running as fast as possible to keep up, he tried to describe the race and his own sensations.

In the spring radio stations lightly turn to thoughts of trout. Picture the rustic scene by a nearby creek as the first angler baits the first hook and goes after the first fish—while a radio announcer stands by to paint the scene with the same tense emotion he uses for a championship prize fight. If a trout obligingly nibbles within the allotted time period the program is a big success.

But animals and fish are not everything. On any hot summer day some radio station may decide that it would be cute to fry an egg on the pavement. WEEI, Boston, did this in July, 1937, with the sidewalk roped off, a weatherman to discuss the heat, an expert to discuss the hen that laid the egg, finally a professional chef to comment on the condition of the sun-fried egg. There was no spokesman for the street-cleaning department. The egg was sunny-side up.

Friday the 13 always inspires stunt programs. One typical enterprise is to set up a ladder in public and invite passers-by to walk under it, break a mirror and be interviewed on their pet superstitions.

Holidays and seasons, too, are extensively celebrated. Even hay-fever time is observed. WMT, Cedar Rapids, has a "sneezing troubadour" program.

These things may be predicted. But radio is whimsical on occasion and presents the boldly different. Two girl woodchoppers from the West arrived in New York City in 1935 and inspired the National Broadcasting Company to turn pioneer. An aged tree in Central Park was donated by city authorities. The girls rolled up their sleeves, flexed their muscles and began demolishing the tree while an NBC announcer with perfect solemnity gave a blow-by-blow and grunt-by-grunt description.

The development of portable transmitters has greatly facilitated radio's ability to reconnoiter the countryside for voices and noises to broadcast. One result is that radio is forever thrusting a microphone under the average citizen's nose and crying, "Hey, mister, meet the United States." This is probably the only country in the world where forcible public interviewing is one of the hazards of everyday existence. One station began the day by seizing the postman as he flat-footed in with the morning mail. He was promptly and thoroughly interviewed on his opinions and bunions. This nicely took care of an open quarter-hour.

Once the ringing of the American doorbell heralded the presence of a young man working his way through college; today it may be a radio announcer working his way through the building.

"Good evening, mam. You're on the air!"

Questions may vary from life and love to Mussolini and malted milk. They may be frivolous or they may pry into the citizen's education, ending in a demand that he spell chrysanthemum or get the gong.

In several cities radio visits the marriage-license bureau and corners young couples matrimonially inclined. With enchanting friendliness the announcer asks the self-conscious and embarrassed pair how many children they plan to have.

Such are the enduring monuments marking the battle between American broadcasters and their old adversary, silence. In terms of radio entertainment they may not be ear-worthy. But technically, at least, the broadcaster has emerged victorious. No intermission has occurred, silence has been averted.

ROBERT J. LANDRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shoot the Works

L' Affaire Sokolsky

WHEN CAPTAIN PATTERSON suggested in The New York Daily News that it might be a healthy thing to have an impartial congressional investigation of newspapers and periodicals his fellow publishers were less than enthusiastic. But by now they should enlist in the campaign or, at the very least, suggest some feasible alternative.

I speak as a business man. In the newspaper field I derive an income as an employee. Moreover, I am also identified in the magazine industry as one-tenth owner of a rural gazette of fact and fancy. When other publications come into disrepute, Connecticut Nutmeg feels the repercussions. Not only do we desire to be investigated, we demand it. I hope The Herald Tribune of New York feels the same way because the statement of its Monday morning columnist has not entirely cleared the atmosphere of the dangerous implications of *l'affaire* Sokolsky.

The American Newspaper Publishers' Association would have been wise years ago to have created some group within its own ranks to police the ethics of the craft and discourage questionable practices. Very probably they neglected to do so because they feared to compromise the freedom of the press. For instance if Mr. Stahlman, the president of the ANPA, chooses to carry Mr. Sokolsky's column without mention of Mr. Sokolsky's outside retainers, that is strictly the concern of the aggressive little editor of The Nashville Banner and not the business of any other publisher. At least that is one way of looking at it.

And out of this same feeling has come the philosophy, "If one newspaper attacks the practices of another it may bring all publications into disrepute." But there is another point of view. It may be much better for us publishers to be hanged separately than to be tossed together into the Black Hole of Calcutta. Our public begins to lose faith. Nor is it sufficient that some one editor should bawl accusations across the alley at a rival, even though that has a tonic effect. Publishers, unlike physicians or lawyers, may be estopped because of their fervency for a free press from saying to any individual in their group, "You must not lie, or cheat, or distort or suppress." But there is no reason why an editorial committee commanding public respect could not publicly pass moral judgments. And I insist that such men are to be found among the ranks of newspaper owners.

Some of the circumlocutions now in vogue are more quaint than reprehensible. A practice of this sort was brought to light when George E. Sokolsky's name was mentioned in the testimony before the Senate Civil Liberties Committee. According to the story by Louis Stark in The New York Times, the testimony disclosed that "Mr. Sokolsky received $28,599 from Hill and Knowlton from June, 1936, to February, 1938, chiefly for services to the American Iron and Steel Institute, for consultation and help in preparing booklets, as well as for some lectures and radio talks."

In The New York Sun I could find no mention of this matter or indeed even a note as to the fact that the La Follette committee had held a session. But most of the other papers, including The Herald Tribune, which used the Associated Press dispatch, gave the story generous space. The World-Telegram in fact made it front page. There was just one curious little omission. None of the stories named the paper by which Mr. Sokolsky is primarily employed. I mean primarily employed as far as his journalistic endeavors go. In The Times Mr. Sokolsky was identified as "author and lecturer." The World-Telegram described him as "author and journalist." The Associated Press got a little warmer by calling him, "author of a syndicated column on economic and industrial subjects." This seemed a curious locution in the columns of The Herald Tribune, which both prints and syndicates the untrammeled opinions of Mr. Sokolsky. It was almost as if it were trying to keep it a secret from its own readers that the gentleman in question was appearing in its columns.

Indeed it remained for Mr. Sokolsky himself in an extraordinary statement to clear up the mystery and name his source paper. In this statement he said, "The right of an industrial organization to seek and obtain expert advice is incontestable. Such a relationship, however, does not necessarily involve an acceptance of the point of view of either of the parties to the consultation. In The Herald Tribune of December 20, 1937, I made these connections and views clear in an article in my usual space."

A cautious critic might ask Mr. Sokolsky just what delayed him in making his connections clear, since his work as an industrial consultant would seem to go back into the year 1936. Moreover, he seems too modest in suggesting that the gentlemen for whom he worked might not find his notions acceptable. There seems to have been a most harmonious meeting of the minds. Kenneth M. Lloyd, chairman of the "Little Steel and Iron Institute," was generous enough to write a letter in which he said of Mr. Sokolsky, "Since his appearance in Youngstown he has continued to rise to national prominence and at the present time is in my opinion the outstanding advocate of the open shop in America." Fortunately, Mr. Sokolsky's sincere convictions were of a sort to permit him to write equally flattering things about Tom Girdler in The Herald Tribune and so in a certain sense the arrangement was perfect.

Indeed, it may serve to explain the somewhat cryptic remark of Charles M. White, attorney for Republic, who said before the La Follette committee, "I don't know anyone who has done more to uphold the traditions of the American flag than the Republic Steel Corporation." I do not presume to know exactly what Mr. White had in his mind, but it is possible that he was thinking of the rise of George E. Sokolsky as a practical object lesson in Americanism partly paid for by Republic Steel. Our social order rests upon a firm faith in the fact that an enterprising lad can always get ahead if he will work faithfully for his employer and refrain from watching the clock. Mr. Sokolsky's arduous climb up the ladder is further dramatized by the fact that, according to Louis Stark, he was "described as a reformed Communist and radical." After the fashion of the Salvation Army, Republic Steel seems to hold that an industrial consultant may be down but he is never out until three strikes have been called against him.

In spite of Mr. Sokolsky's justification of dual columnism I think it looks bad. Publishers should discourage it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Sokolsky should choose whether to remain as vox populi or vox Republic. In either case he will not suffer, for the time seems just about ripe for him to write a book entitled "From Reds to Riches."

Nor need The Herald Tribune grieve too much if the dialogues of Sam and Sok should no longer appear in its columns. It might be possible to procure an equally impartial commentator on the subject of the rights of labor. There is always Gerald L. K. Smith. HEYWOOD BROUN

Washington Notes

Hoover's Backward Heir

RECENTLY a number of observers, including your servant, set down their belief that the likeliest Democratic candidate for President in 1940 was Mr. Roosevelt himself. Who is his most probable Republican opponent? Possibly it will not matter who his opponent is. In American politics, it is an unfailing rule that mid-term elections—such as those now approaching—foretell the presidential contest two years afterwards. Thus, in 1930 the Democrats won a majority of the House, anticipating Mr. Roosevelt in 1932; in 1918 the Republicans won, anticipating Mr. Harding in 1920.

The scholarly Dr. Gallup is now predicting a maximum Republican gain of fifty-five House seats in next November's mid-term elections. Unscientific tea-leaf-readers in Washington think the good doctor is being overgenerous to the Republicans. However, a gain of even fifty-five seats for the Republicans would still give the Democrats a House majority of nearly a hundred seats, and would forecast a third victory for Mr. Roosevelt—or a New Dealer named by him—in 1940.

Just now, consequently, the Republican nomination for President in 1940 appears chiefly to be a chance to spend ten weeks on the rear of a campaign train, cooing into a loud-speaker: "Hello, Dog Creek! Glad to see all you folks!" Nevertheless, such is human vanity, a dozen or more Republicans are scheming nights, days and Sundays to obtain it. It is probably accurate to say that the two best known contenders, Messrs. Hoover and Landon, have no chance. Mr. Hoover's age is against him, and he has too many conscientiously cultivated enemies among Republican bigwigs. As for Governor Landon, it is unnecessary to revive the 1936 discussion of whether he is a man of sense and honor, or just Mr. William Allen White's delusion. Professional politicians have much the same mental make-up as Wall Street gamblers. After they have lost their shirts manipulating a gold-mine stock, they do not care whether the mine has real gold in it or not. It is unlucky, and they won't touch it.

Two other hold-overs from the 1936 campaign are Senator Vandenberg and Colonel Frank Knox. Mr. Vandenberg has been pushing hard for a Democratic-Republican coalition; this has alienated Republican Party workers. But more serious, he is without discernible standing in his home state of Michigan, which remains safely the New Deal province of Governor Murphy. No party wants a candidate who is not sure of carrying his home state. Colonel Knox has the fatal disadvantage of never having been elected to anything except the Chicago Cliff-dwellers.

According to political rules, the 1940 Republican candidate ought to come from among the Republican Governors—if any—who will be elected next November. A bright, but problematical, hope is District Attorney Dewey of New York City. Mr. Dewey is reported to have informed New York Republican bosses that he will not run for Governor against Senator Wagner, risking a humiliating defeat. No one knows Senator Wagner's plans. His friends think that he has prescriptive right to the place on the Supreme Court held by Mr. Justice Cardozo, and that Mr. Roosevelt ought to offer him the appointment. It is also possible that, failing a Supreme Court seat, Mr. Wagner may insist on running again for the Senate. Against any other Democrat but Mr. Wagner, Mr. Dewey has a reasonable chance of victory. As New York's Governor, he would be the almost inevitable Republican choice in 1940.

Another possibility is Judge Arthur H. James of Pennsylvania, now Republican candidate for Governor. As a youth, Judge James was a breaker-boy in a coal mine, and this proletarian start is counted on by party strategists to mitigate the fact he is the hand-picked protegé of former Senator Grundy, tariff lobbyist, and Mr. Joe Pew, the 1936 backer of Governor Landon and enemy of the National Labor Relations Board. Liberals are bound to face the hard fact that the "little New Deal" in Pennsylvania of Governor George H. "Fat Boy" Earle has fallen into great difficulties, and a Republican victory in November is not improbable.

A final candidate is former Attorney-General John W. Bricker of Ohio. It is reported here that the malodorous Governor Martin L. Davey will win renomination in next month's Democratic primary; Mr. Bricker is certain to be his Republican opponent. He ran against Mr. Davey in 1934 and lost by less than 60,000 votes, although Mr. Roosevelt carried Ohio two years later by 600,000. An able campaigner, he is already the secret 1940 choice of a number of highly placed Republican leaders. Mr. Robert Taft, William Howard's boy, now a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator, would also like to be Ohio's favorite son in 1940, but his chances seem slim. Even if he wins the primary, he will almost surely be defeated by Senator Bulkley in November. The remaining Republican possibilities are definitely in the Lightning-May-Strike group: Dr. Glenn Frank, the official party crystal-gazer, Representative Bruce Barton, who proposes to repackage the elephant, and Vermont's liberal governor, Mr. George D. Aiken. This department's favorite is Miss Dorothy Thompson, just to make Hitler feel bad.

It is worth noting that the row that flared up between representatives of the American Medical Association and the layman delegates at the National Health Conference held here last week was almost solely concerned with doctors' pocketbooks. There was no serious disagreement in the conference that new hospitals should be built, that additional maternity clinics be established, that the public nursing service be expanded. At least in principle, the conference agreed that the federal government should aid in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the eradication of cancer, tuberculosis, venereal disease and insanity, and should endeavor to improve the medical care now being given to reliefers, and to the dependent orphans, blind and aged under the Social Security Board.

But when, towards the end of the conference, Dr. I. S. Falk of the SSB undertook to present the problem of medical care for families in the wage-earning group—families who are now patients of private physicians—Dr. Morris Fishbein of the AMA exploded in high-voiced anger. It may be guessed, moreover, that the cause of Dr. Fishbein's tirade was not the sweetly reasonable exposition of Dr. Falk, but the sharp, rasping speech of Mr. Lee Pressman, counsel of the CIO and spokesman of the independent, self-respecting worker families who today are paying physicians' fees, but find them unbearably high. Last week's conference was the first occasion where the doctor and the mass consumer of medical service faced each other in public and each spoke his mind. A great issue was raised that soon must be solved.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The King Is Dead!

SAMUEL INSULL is dead. And the newspapers, commenting on his death, have assured us that we will see no more Insulls. Their day is done.

Someone seems to be under the impression that some sort of definitive piety has settled on the world; that we have learned our lesson; that we have made our act of contrition with its firm purpose of amendment and that from now on we are going to be good. Also that somehow the predatory giants have been disarmed.

It is a nice, warming optimism and it is too bad that it is not true. Men who are old enough to write editorials are old enough to remember the brave days from 1900 to 1912 when the muckrakers were doing their work. Every form of skullduggery known to the science of grabbing was in use then. All of the highly developed instruments of squeezing money out of the public were known and were in use by as grand a set of unscrupulous adventurers as ever wrecked a bank or skinned an investor. The muckrakers exposed their rascalities and their greed, their bribery of officials, their rape of insurance companies and their cruel crushing of competitors.

Gradually the public conscience was aroused. And as the lush days of the McKinley prosperity faded away, this conscience became more awake. Then came the waves of reform all over the land. City bosses were put in jail, financiers and industrialists were denounced. It became for a brief spell a little unpopular to be rich. Democrats were swept into power. The Republicans got eight electoral votes—the same number as Landon got. Wilson was swept into office and the New Freedom dawned. A day had come to an end, we were told. There would be no more John D. Rockefellers, no more John W. Gateses, no more Hydes or Henry Rogerses. Even the bosses would be no more. But they all came back. They came back bigger and better than ever. And soon the crude performances of the first decade of the century seemed small and amateurish beside the achievements in greed and misappropriation of the Coolidge days.

Now once more these old desperadoes—or some of them—have been ruined or whipped out of society. And men are innocent enough to suppose that they are the last of their breed. It is not so. The breed is an old one.

The Samuel Insulls will always be with us as long as the instruments by which they flourish are with us. I do not mean by all this to support the dark pessimism of those who think the world is hopelessly bad and that nothing can be done about it. On the contrary I believe that progress is pretty nearly constant. But it is very slow. And we do not fling out of life and society such an old and savage organism as the Insulls in one mild, amiable, one-half-of-one-percent revolution.

The instrument which Insull used was the modern corporation and its many special parts for getting control of vast wealth with small capital. The most important part of this corporate device is the holding company. No change has been made in the laws respecting corporations or holding companies. No effort has been made to change them. At this moment several very small-bore persons are, with a handful of chicken feed, keeping control of a vast holding-company structure greater than the Insulls. And nothing is being done about it. I refer to the Van Sweringen empire. There are a number of corporate ganglia differing little from Insull's all over the country.

It might be said that the Utility Holding Company Act is an attempt to deal with this. That is a good act as far as it goes. How good it will be we shall know better only after 1940. But it really does not go very far and I predict will not go even so far as it might. It is very encouraging to see the SEC attempting to apply the so-called death-sentence clause to at least one utility—the Utilities Power and Light Corporation. But that is such an extreme case of a holding company now in reorganization and possessing widely scattered and isolated units all over the country—so bad, in fact, that even Mr. Odlum, whose Atlas Corporation dominates it, admits that the company violates every provision of the law and is indefensible.

The united front of business men in New York has set out to "sell business to the public." One of the slogans to be used is that "what hurts business hurts the public." The great objective, of course, is to put an end to government regulation, or at least to weaken it. Of course it is true that what hurts business hurts the public. But it does not occur to these business men, apparently, that it is possible for them to hurt business. Do not bankers and promoters who milk corporations and deflower investors hurt business? Do not producers of raw materials who engage in price combinations hurt business? May it not be that what the government is trying to do is to prevent certain business men, certain business groups from hurting business? And cannot this be defended on the slogan of the business crusaders that what hurts business hurts the public and that therefore these big-business exploiters of business should be stopped? Who is powerful enough to stop them but the government?

JOHN T. FLYNN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Algiers"

"Algiers" is one of those naturals in pictures, having action, romance, strange places and predicaments, and the peg of character to hang it on. It is the story of Pepe le Moko, a Parisian jewel thief who for safety dug himself into the fantastic tortured native quarter of Algiers. Part of the story is taken up with the foolish incursions of the French police, who should have known better, and the rest with the coming to Pepe le Moko of (but maybe you guessed it) love. What you wouldn't guess is that right in the middle of these secret exits, sighs and pistols there is a pretty good study of a man trapped in his own fastness, sick of the smell and the ways of people there, hungry for the beloved common things of his home town, Paris. The girl when she comes is as much a nostalgia as a love affair (thanks to John Howard Lawson or some other author, one of the climaxes of passion is when he tells her she is not only Paris to him, but even the subway); and when he walks out of the Quarter to his certain fate, it is partly the girl and partly the familiar clean air of home (though to tell the truth if a thing was that way between you and the girl Hedy Lamarr, I don't see what the devil France would have to do with it).

But what makes it a natural is the action—and of course the glamor over it: the strange city, which grows very convincingly, and the enigmatic presence of Charles Boyer, who moves freely through and holds his court in it. He has a strange assortment of men who assemble quietly to guard all doors in the best fashion; he has an amiable if contemptuous understanding with the native inspector of police, sworn to get him; he has a stool pigeon and a woman to betray him. Above all, though, he has that mixture of grace, assurance and brute male command which the story needs, for seeing him in it you could not doubt its actuality any longer. Boyer is one of the rare actors with a personal depth and sophistication that will suggest anything according to context—which tells you from one picture to another whether the smile, cigarette and slow, careful word is the surface of beneficence or of wide evil. Here he is infinitely above enemies and friends in poise and guile, and the audience snickers to see him call the turn. But he is human, alas, and not above foolish grief and falling in love, and so the audience hopes for him and sorrows with him and shudders to look down over his shoulder at the innocent open streets which are not his domain but his death.

Now that you speak of it, the film's action is more that of character than of jostling events, for the police action, the betrayed friend, the motion of intramural life would be slight of interest without the suggested past and imminent future of Pepe le Moko and those surrounding him in the story: Hedy Lamarr, Sigrid Gurie, Joseph Calleia, Gene Lockhart, Alan Hale, etc. And all the more credit to them in that this looks like one of those productions where it is every actor for himself, those few minor characters who felt the need to ham it being given a shamelessly free rein.

But of course actors are nothing without something to be, say and do, and the writing ought to come in for a bit of applause. After the first talky, non-film sequence it keeps development simmering right along, some very neat humor just around the corner, and a general level of mature dignity that is all the more welcome as it is not demanded by this type of story. Much of John Cromwell's direction is first-rate stuff—good conception of timing, placing the action, riding the crest of interest, and particularly an Alfred Hitchcock use of the homely unexpected and of sound and of the significant hinting camera. Parts of it—witness the unquelled elocutionists, the manipulated beginning and climax—are curious lapses into mummery, but the general tone is that of the decent artistry we must demand of and enjoy in pictures, which should some day be as respectable as books, only more near and vivid.

When I think of "Algiers" as contrasted with John Ford's "Four Men and a Prayer" (this is in the nature of a flashback: the film is still around though I missed its first run), I have to laugh. Not meanly, I hope. John Ford has made superlatively good ones and also bad ones, by which I should judge that he can be hog-tied by his story. But a few years ago he made "The Informer" and the critical rumpus over that made him the little Jesus and ace of spades over all directors, at least for a while. Well, I won't trouble you with my own guilty doubts whether I underplayed that yarn at the time (it was a yarn all right, but not having had an Irish rebellion here we fall for the purity of Irish rebellions like a brick house); but what I imagine you'll see when you wait say another two years and see it in revival is that the story is an easy success and that the direction was partly good and partly not. "Four Men and a Prayer" is just another flop so far as going to see pictures is concerned, but if you'd like to see what I'm talking about, then go catch it somewhere and try to discover a director. The story itself is a turkey, and this might happen to anybody. But outside of the firing-squad sequence, where the weaknesses and absurdities of the human figure are raised to the tragic level of life and death, the thing just in film terms is confused, silly, dispirited and dull. The actors are there to hand (David Niven is always good and Loretta Young can be handled, as witness the two of them in the nice little comedy "Three Blind Mice," still around); and the chances to make a strong flashing play from a weak hand. But no. Without a story having the kind of message to his liking (and without his writing partner, Dudley Nichols, apparently) John Ford hasn't the patient skill in his own trade to place among the first ten or a dozen. This weakness is what I thought showed through "The Informer," though I can confuse you even more by saying that John Ford's "Arrowsmith" was not only made in the dark early thirties, but belongs among the masterpieces.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Thrush

Now every changing tree's a screen
Of brilliant and illusive green,
And all the earth is sealed in grass;
Through these the thrush alone may pass.

Pale plunging bird that coolly flies
Through regions veiled from human eyes!
Till life itself is dry decay
And all its greenness drains away.

DON STANFORD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bandwagon

The simple truth is that there is no such animal as an underdog in America, for that presupposes membership in a class handicapped in its political and civil rights. – *From an article by Isaac Don Levine in The Chicago Herald and Examiner.*

No one, it seems fair to believe, can have read Mr. Walter Lippmann's letter from Paris which appeared in a recent issue of The Herald Tribune describing "How Liberty Is Lost" and not be alive to the danger of such a thing happening in this country.

The question naturally arises: What can be done to prevent it? Why not substitute, for one thing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" for "The Star-Spangled Banner" on all occasions when a patriotic hymn is to be sung, and make the singing of it required once a week in all public schools? – *From a letter signed Hawk-Eye in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Belatedly, but better than never, comes the report of last semester's encounter of the rival debating societies at Groton School. It appears that the lads of the upper forms have their own debating teams, pick their own subjects and conduct their oratorical tournaments without let or hindrance from their instructors. Their last jousting was due to fall a few weeks ago, just before close of school for the summer, and the preliminaries were carried through in their accustomed manner. It was only toward the end that the headmaster, the Rev. Endicott Peabody, learned the topic under discussion, descended with outraged screams and howls upon the entire program, called everything off and retired to his study mopping his clerical brow over the narrowest call of his career. The lads had selected as a subject: "Which of its graduates, Richard Whitney or Franklin D. Roosevelt, has brought more discredit to Groton?" The following week the Rev. Dr. Peabody officiated at the marriage of one of the Roosevelt boys at Nahant. – *Lucius Beebe, in his syndicated column.*

Don't Say He Didn't Warn You

The conflict in the Far East between China and Japan is continuing steadily without showing signs of cessation. Some day these countries might declare war and then it would be serious. – *Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler on his return from Europe, quoted in The New York Times.*

You-Ought-to-Know Department

When you keep on building these extravagant buildings during times of depression like we have gone through, it is exactly like going out and buying a Hope diamond, firing your servants and closing your house. Let's use our money for constructive rebuilding on a broader and wiser plan until we are on our feet again. – *Evalyn Walsh McLean, owner of the Hope diamond, in her department "My Say" in The Washington Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

The South Carolina Primary

SIR: On the South Carolina senatorial primary Jonathan Mitchell in The New Republic of June 29 makes two observations which account for my initial appearance as a letter-to-the-editor writer.

After noting administration backing of Governor Olin D. Johnston in his race against "Cotton Ed" Smith, he remarks: "Mr. Johnston, a former textile-mill worker, has shown himself one of the most genuinely liberal of Southern politicians. . . ." May I inquire by what standard Governor Johnston can be labeled "a liberal"? True, he was elected on a pro-labor platform, the other plank of which was anti-Highway Department. And he got my vote. His first big spread after the election was to call out the National Guard in good dictator fashion to quell the insurrection of the highway commissioners who refused to resign as he demanded. He had not a vestige of legal sanction either for demanding the resignations or for calling out the troops, but he'd heard that Huey Long and Eugene Talmadge had gotten away with their particular brands of fascism, so why not he? The South Carolina Supreme Court gave him the reasons later. You may classify him as a "pro-labor fascist," but how a "liberal"?

Mitchell also says that "The administration seems almost sure to win in . . . South Carolina. . . ." My bet is on old "Cotton Ed," not because of his vote-appeal, which to a great many is, of course, nil, but because of the caliber of his opposition. There will be many liberals and pro-New Dealers who have for a number of years been wishing for a candidate who might get their votes against Smith. But Olin Johnston is not the man. Many of these "liberals," rather than vote for Johnston, will on election day either hold their noses and vote for "Cotton Ed" or go fishing.

The postmark of my home is now in North Carolina but it was only recently acquired after long residence in South Carolina. Hence my familiarity with that scene. Conversations in South Carolina with politicians in the know confirm the above impressions.

Durham, N. C. DOUGLASS POTEAT

Saving America

SIR: I should like to comment briefly on three points made by Mr. Chamberlain in his review of Jerome Frank's "Save America First" [The New Republic, June 29].

1. We are told that the adoption of a free-trade policy by the United States would mean the ruin of American agriculture: since additional exports involve additional imports, it is argued that the farmer would be called upon to bear the brunt of foreign competition. But surely this need not be the case.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By means of an appropriate monetary policy, idle resources could be set to work producing goods for export. The men thus employed would be able to purchase imports with the proceeds of the sale of their output abroad. There need be no shrinkage in the demand for home-market goods, no redistribution of income in favor of any group. Instead there would be an increase in the total national income.

2. Mr. Chamberlain holds that it is disastrous for a creditor nation, such as the United States, to allow itself to be paid back interest on investments made abroad. To be sure, the creditor must do one of two things: import more, or export less. But this need hurt no domestic group of producers. The funds received from the debtor may go to buy additional imports, in which case the demand for home-market goods remains unimpaired; or they may be used to buy American-made goods which were previously exported. There are two transfers: a transfer of buying power and a transfer of goods, and it is impossible to say *a priori* which will come first. What is important, however, is that the transfer of buying power will swell the income of the creditor nation, and at the same time it should involve a corresponding diminution in the income of the debtor. It is no different in principle from the case of the man who pays his grocery bill: the one is poorer and the other richer by the amount of the transfer, but this does not mean that someone has to be ruined by the process.

3. I find it difficult to take seriously the Beard-Frank-Chamberlain contention that "the machine has long since ironed out regional productive differentiation, and except in the case of labor differentials, it is cheaper to produce manufactured goods at home than it is to import them." This seems to me to oversimplify a highly complicated problem. It fails to explain why motor cars are, for the most part, made in Michigan. Why not in Maine? But apparently there are reasons why Maine people prefer to import their motor cars from some place outside the state. In like manner, it cannot explain the desire on the part of certain low-wage countries to protect certain domestic producers from the ruinous competition of goods imported from high-wage countries. Mr. Chamberlain would do well to stop talking about trade between industrial and agricultural countries. I wonder whether he realizes that before the War England's best customer was Germany.

Amenia, N. Y. E. D. W. SPINGARN

SIR: Mr. Spingarn's economics are, of course absolutely sound. But his *political* economy is all wet. The point which Mr. Frank and Professor Beard make is this: because of the political aspects of the problem, free trade can only be carried on in an area under one system of courts, one police power and one banking system. Classical free-traders like Mr. Spingarn or Henry Hazlitt of The New York Times are fond of drawing the analogy between Maine and Michigan and, say, England and Germany. But there is no analogy. Maine and Michigan are powerless to raise tariff walls. Maine and Michigan have the same currency system, and—ultimately—the same police power. A citizen of Michigan can't go to Lansing and ask to have the local currency devaluated so that Maine will buy Michigan foreign exchange in preference to Indiana foreign exchange and so support the export trade in Chryslers at the expense of Indiana's Studebakers. Nor can a Maine citizen go to his government and say, "Hell, we owe too much gold to Michigan; let's repudiate our debt, or let's issue blocked dollars and let Michigan get its value back with them by buying Maine potatoes."

If Mr. Spingarn proposes to bring the world under one rule of law and one currency system he is welcome to try. But Mr. Frank would begin more modestly: with a league, say, of the Western Hemisphere. When France and England had a League of Nations they botched the job of *economic* integration because of *political* pressures. Classical free-traders write as if there were no such thing as political pressure; they are, therefore, writing about an abstraction, not about human beings.

Cheshire, Conn. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Labor Costs and Housing

SIR: In defense of the "typical example of the Man in the Street" (your issue of June 29), I challenge the validity of your conclusion that building-labor rates are not at fault in impeding building progress.

The case history of Knickerbocker Village, used by the editors of Fortune, is not typical. This was a slum-clearance project in an expensive land area. The land cost is 34 percent of the total cost, whereas in cheap housing, for example a single family dwelling which sells for $6,000, or low-cost housing in outlying districts, the land cost is about 10 to 15 percent. The overhead in the Knickerbocker construction comes to 17 percent. This is also not representative and includes miscellaneous exactions which are really an addition to the labor cost. Also, you take no account of the labor that went into the processing of construction materials or of the overhead saving that can be effected by expansion of production volume.

If you took a typical example of a cheap housing project, the labor cost, including processing labor, would be at least half the total cost. In the Knickerbocker project, with normal land and overhead costs, the labor would have been a third, instead of the actual 21 percent of the total cost, without figuring processing labor. Moreover, a guaranteed annual wage should cut labor rates by more than the 25 percent you suggest. If the building worker were guaranteed an average annual wage of say $1,250, that would still be $200 more than the average pay in the industry for 1937. Not only would he earn more money, but more workers who are now unemployed would be put to work. Yet at $1,250 per annum, building labor could be hired at almost half the present 92 cents average hourly rate on a production schedule of 300 work days a year. Additional savings could be effected by liberalization of the working rules and by the decrease in overhead as production expands.

I believe that housing costs can easily be cut 25 percent by the coöperation of labor, and that a substantial increase in annual wages and employment will result. A saving of even 10 to 15 percent would be a powerful factor in the building of more homes and is nothing to be sneezed at.

New York City MEYER KURZ

The Blockade of "Blockade"

SIR: Nothing in The New Republic in the ten years I have been reading it has made me as furious as Otis Ferguson's review [of "Blockade"] in the issue of June 29, 1938. I doubt whether The Brooklyn Tablet or The New York Sun could produce a more effective review for the fascist cause.

I can see a pimpled boy with a copy of a Modern Library Marx—as yet unread—assailing everything from a "Marxist" viewpoint.

In Russia they would shoot Ferguson for a review like that. In Germany and in Italy and in Burgos he would be persona grata. The most offensive thing a radical or a radical magazine can do in my opinion is to patronize. This is the dubious prerogative of Town and Country or The New Yorker. . . .

All those things that Mr. Ferguson is afraid would happen if "Blockade" were a good picture are happening. The Knights of Columbus are boycotting the picture. The Catholic hierarchy has started a word-of-mouth boycott. A Catholic acquaintance of mine came home from church two Sundays ago and told his friends the priest had urged them not to see the picture. Catholic exhibitors will not show the picture. Capitalist exhibitors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will not show the picture after they have been approached by Catholic friends. Wanger has been forced to abandon an anti-Nazi picture he was projecting because all the reactionary forces in the country have been jumping on him. And there on top of the pile is Ferguson with his stinking show-off, patronizing review.

The United Artists Corporation for whom Wanger produces will not give Wanger money for another picture with a "slant" similar to "Blockade." . . . If "Blockade" flops as it will with the help of The New Republic you won't get a liberal picture from Wanger or any other producer for five years. The producers will be afraid to make them—what with the Church and its chief cardinal, Will Hays, sitting on them—and a Catholic boycott taking away the profit margin at the box office.

I am not going to sign my name. If the Catholic Church can practically put Wanger out of business—with the help of Ferguson—imagine what it can do to a poor writer like me. . . .

Hollywood, Calif. A HOLLYWOOD WORKER

The staff of The New Republic, including Mr. Ferguson, are warmly in favor of pictures with ideas, and pictures with a progressive viewpoint. They realize that such pictures have a hard time of it in Hollywood, especially in view of the Catholic censorship. They welcomed Mr. Wanger's stand in permitting the fine closing speech of "Blockade," spoken by Henry Fonda (and praised in Mr. Ferguson's review). They do not believe, however, that any desirable cause is furthered by pretending that any picture is good if it is not.—THE EDITORS

Haniel Long's Book on Whitman

SIR: Mr. Philip Stevenson's review of Haniel Long's "Walt Whitman and the Springs of Courage," published in your issue of June 29, is disappointing. Having given so much space to panning a bad book on Whitman, I had hoped you would give as much to praise of a good one. Instead you give us Mr. Stevenson's comment, which is not a review of this book but a plea for another book—perhaps one which Mr. Stevenson should write. . . . As I believe that Mr. Long has written a valuable and important book, not only on Walt Whitman but even more importantly on "the springs of courage," I beg space to state what his book is.

Starting with Whitman, Mr. Long writes an illuminating discussion of relationships of people to each other, to themselves, to the world: a subject certainly vital to us all. . . . Haniel Long seems to me to reach farther than Whitman in this matter of relationships, because his experience is wider and deeper than Whitman's and his conception consequently higher. The book is, in fact, the first clear enunciation of a doctrine we shall all have to adopt before we become truly civilized—the doctrine of making life beautiful by making personal relationships beautiful.

The best of this book, from the viewpoint of the general reader, is its manner of saying. Its scholarly references are handled so lightly and fit so patly that the general effect is of sunny humor. Mr. Long looks upon Whitman as a teacher, with affection, even with reverence, but with the humorous understanding which puts him in his niche and lights up a lot of territory around him. Whitman *was* limited in his relationships as is proven by his preference for the bus drivers and by such simple souls as Peter Doyle, and by his persistent difficulties with women. Mr. Long studies Whitman's magnificence with full consciousness of this background, with penetration and with the wise and tolerant humor inherent in a situation and a character well understood. . . .

Albuquerque, N. M. ERNA FERGUSSON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

E. P. Rucker of Chicago writes that Professor Walton Hamilton in his article, "Mr. Justice Black's First Year" (June 8) did an injustice to the Standard Education Society by omitting several pertinent facts about its case with the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Rucker says there was no complaint against the books sold by the Society, but simply against the method in which they were sold. He does not agree that any "important matter" was involved in the decision. . . . Dr. L. A. Eldridge Jr., of Great Neck, New York, sides with Heywood Broun and against Major G. F. Eliot on unionization of domestic employees. "No one," he writes, "has a better flair for the practical and progressive line of social criticism than Mr. Broun."

D. D. Murphy of Elkader, Iowa, replies to Ferner Nuhn's letter in the July 6 issue. In that letter Mr. Nuhn questioned the accuracy of T. R. B.'s analysis of the Iowa primary campaign. Now Mr. Murphy writes: ". . . I have been connected with politics in Iowa for twenty-five years and more or less in touch with the machinery controlling Democratic politics in this state. . . . The analysis was so astonishingly correct that we wondered from what source he obtained his information. The statement made with reference to the administration getting behind a presidential candidate if a deal could have been made was the identical language used in a conversation with one of our leading members of the Iowa machine."

Grenville T. Chapman of El Paso, Texas, tries his hand at explaining the foreign policy of the United States. He says there are three contributing factors: (1) "the fact that our former allies have left us holding the sack in that they have failed to pay us what they owe," (2) "ignorance of Europe, of its history and of the contests being waged there," and (3) "indifference to the murder that is going on." . . . Eleanor Brannon of the American League for Peace and Democracy, New York City, calls upon "all who love peace and freedom" to march in the Peace Parade to be held on August 6 in commemoration of the twenty-fourth anniversary of the World War in an effort to "solidify that body of 'united public opinion' and render it articulate in the defense of democracy and peace." . . . Florence Becker, author of the poem "The Needle's Eye" (July 27), makes a correction on the biographical material we printed about her. She has taught a good deal in progressive schools, but not the subjects Anthropology and Psychology.

What's on the Air?

Professor William Montgomery McGovern of Northwestern University speaks on "Asia in the Heart of Europe," Tuesday, August 2, 7:45 P.M., NBC-Red Network.

Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association, talks on "The Economic Situation in Central Europe and the Need for Action," Friday, August 5, 4:45 P.M., CBS.

University Town Meeting program from the University of California at Berkeley, Friday, August 5, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a Columbia Workshop presentation of Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Tristram," Saturday, July 30, 7:30 P.M., CBS; Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Saturday, July 30, 11 P.M., NBC-Red Network; "American Composers' Night" at the Lewisohn Stadium, Sunday, July 31, 8:30 P.M., CBS; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, August 3, 10 P.M., Mutual; Serge Koussevitsky conducts the symphony orchestra at the Fifth Annual Berkshire Festival, Thursday, August 4, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and Wilhelm Van Hoogstraten conducts the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Friday, August 5, 9:30 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Review

The Politics of Thomas Mann

DEMOCRACY is many things. To Pierre du Pont it is the right to keep his funds and his plant equipment; to Earl Browder it is economic security for the masses. To some historians it is merely the political face of a young and lusty industrial capitalism; to others it is the record of progress in writing civil liberties into the law. Whenever a dictatorial regime wishes to justify questionable trials or seizures it speaks of a "higher" democracy. With everyone invoking democracy as a talisman, it is hard to keep one's faith in the reality of the word; one longs for a dose of semantics. It is one virtue of Thomas Mann's grave and moving little speech on "The Coming Victory of Democracy," now available in book form,[1] that the semantics come before the eloquent affirmation of faith; one is never at a loss to know just what it is that Dr. Mann is defending.

Not that Dr. Mann's semantics don't lead him into difficulties. To him, democracy is rooted in something anterior to both economic and legal "rights." As a form of government or society, democracy rests on faith in the essential dignity of man, on faith in the idea of justice. These are words that have been befogged by a hundred years of after-dinner oratory, as Dr. Mann himself admits. But to anyone who has been drummed out of bed in the middle of the night and dragged off without trial to the concentration camp, the concepts of "dignity" and "justice" are painfully defined by their very absence. You don't need semantics to tell you what democracy is when you are informed that you can vote for only one candidate, the candidate of the State party. You know, in that case, that democracy is what you haven't got.

Dr. Mann admits the superficial appeal of fascism, or of dictators of any sort, including the Muscovite. Government by committee, or by those trained by Elder Statesmen for the "vocation of leadership," can Get Things Done; lacking opposition, this type of government can organize its propaganda in a hurry and so give the illusion of unity and strength. But the human race, at least in the West, has never put up with government by arbitrary committee decision for very long; it has always had a tendency to battle its government for stated rights, even in the days of the absolute kings. Democracy, says Thomas Mann, is a norm; it is rooted in one of the eternal hungers of the race, and when the rage for the newness of dictatorial magic dies down the hunger reasserts itself and forges democracy anew. Simply because it has departed from the norm, fascism must, in the end, go down in ignominious defeat. Fascism exalts the hero, and asks the people to be a race of heroes, but no government that is founded on a contempt for the human personality, or on contempt for human rights, can ever develop the heroes necessary to sustain it. Democracy does not cultivate heroics; it admits shortcomings and encourages self-doubt and criticism. But out of the self-doubt and criticism comes the will to perfection, and it is by exercise of the will that heroes are made. Fascism can produce clotheshorses that wear medals and talk big; but in the crisis democracy can be counted on to produce the real men of action.

Dr. Mann speaks his piece as a conservative, as a defender of tradition. He believes in property rights and in a good measure of economic individualism. But he is no Manchesterian, and he resolutely proclaims the right of democracy to concern itself with the economic welfare of its citizens. The democratic state, he says, must continually guard itself against the emergence of powerful plutocratic elements. In other words, the chance of the many to acquire property and to save must not be sacrificed to the protection of Big Ownership. The sense of scale is important here, and democracy must cultivate this sense and make it plain by writing marginal limitations on economic rights into the law. I am ad-libbing for Dr. Mann here, but only in some such fashion can his remarks about the continued need for curbing plutocracy be made meaningful. Dr. Mann protests that he is no sans-culotte, but to the Liberty League he must seem like a flaming radical.

As long as he sticks to the philosophical fundamentals Dr. Mann is unassailable. But when he comes to apply his fundamentals the drift of his recommendations is not always clear. True, he speaks out cogently for dynamic democrats like Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas Masaryk, Eduard Benes and Léon Blum. That would seem to put him against all the false democrats from America's "Cotton Ed" Smith and John Hamilton to England's Neville Chamberlain. But in certain paragraphs Dr. Mann seems to be calling for an international united front of all nominal democracies to wage a Holy Crusade against Germany. That might be all right, but when people begin to shout the slogans of Collective Security they usually fail to distinguish between imperialist democracies and plain democracies. Under the emotional stress of being propagandists they break down as analysts. Consequently they are painfully surprised when the imperialist democrats such as Neville Chamberlain suddenly show more love and affinity for the Fascists than they do for the plain democrats. Dr. Mann fails to see that imperialist Britain is no true friend of freedom. Again, Dr. Mann fails to see that American democracy might have less to gain from participation in Collective Security than English or French democracy. America is already secure, relatively speaking; whereas the continent of Europe is frightfully insecure. I feel smug in saying this, but the facts of nature are as they are. And in justification for American aloofness one can argue that even the holiest of wars can saddle nations with self-perpetuating military castes. English and French democrats are in a position where they must risk militarization and collective action; American democracy does not need to.

Quite naturally Dr. Mann hates nationalism. Given its origins, his hatred is commendable. But there are nationalisms and nationalisms. Dr. Mann is quite right in con-

[1] The Coming Victory of Democracy, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 67 pages. $1.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demning nationalism and autarchy for the Germans; a nationalist, autarchic Germany, lacking wheat, must try to suborn Hungary or seize the Ukraine. But a nationalist United States, possessing the bread-basket of the Middle West, has no need for Hungary or the Ukraine or even Alberta, whereas an internationalist America, seeking outlets for excess loan capital in the far corners of the earth, must inevitably become a warlike naval power in order to protect its money and markets against the rising bourgeois nationalisms of the backward nations. People like Dorothy Thompson, whose journalistic lives have been spent in Europe, are continually forgetting that America is rich and continental in its proportions, while Germany is poor and cramped. Generalizations that apply in the one case do not necessarily apply at all in the other. If Dr. Mann from Hanseatic Lübeck and tiny Switzerland does not see this, it is no great cause for wonder. But American liberals must be made to see it; else we will surrender our democracy to the exigencies of loan-capital imperialism, which has no love for liberty in the outlands and must eventually come to resent liberty at home. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Poetry Tomorrow

A New Anthology of Modern Poetry, edited by Selden Rodman. New York: Random House. 448 pages. $3.

THIS IS a middlebrow anthology, meant for intelligent people who would like to know more about modern poetry but are somewhat confused by it, or think they would be confused if they tried reading it. To compile a book for their enlightenment is an excellent idea. One reason why modern poetry is so little read is that most of the writing about it has been for specialists by specialists, some of whom are even harder to understand than the poems they try to elucidate. Rodman is a poet but not a pundit. Both in his introduction and in his selection of poems, he tries to make everything reasonably clear.

A great virtue of his "New Anthology" is that it can be read from beginning to end with pleasure. It is true that I found a few dull pages. "Roan Stallion" seemed even more of a fake tragedy than it had on first reading, and "The Man Against the Sky" seemed even worthier and richer in platitudes. "Canto XVII," by Ezra Pound, gave me absolutely no idea of what the poet was talking about. For the rest, I enjoyed myself immensely, either through recognizing old favorites, or through finding new ones, or through disagreeing with Rodman's choices and reading whole volumes of verse in order to decide on the poems I should have taken in his place.

There is no use listing these disagreements, though I ought to say that he did a worse job with D. H. Lawrence than with Gerard Manley Hopkins, and with E. E. Cummings than with Hart Crane. He should have included something by Louise Bogan; he should have given more space to Allen Tate and Roy Campbell. In general he was a little unfair to English poets—except the latest crop of them—and very unfair to the Irish. These of course are questions of personal judgment. But there is one point I should like to make with regard to the general scheme of his anthology.

In his preface, Rodman suggests an outline of the origins and the future development of the modern spirit in poetry. It has two sources, so he says. One of these is popular or folk art and the work of poets close to popular material. The other source is the French symbolist tradition that goes back through Rimbaud to Baudelaire. At present he thinks that the two currents are being united in the work of those younger poets who deal with social subjects in a technique developed out of symbolism.

The same theory is illustrated by the division of the book into four sections. The first of these is a medley that includes the precursors of the modern spirit, like Hopkins and Lawrence, and the poets whose work is hard to classify. The second section is devoted to poets who have tried to speak for classes or regions or for the people at large. Here we find Sandburg, Lindsay, Masters and Frost, as well as Vanzetti's last speech to the court and a group of Negro songs. The third section consists of poets in the symbolist tradition, from Pound and Eliot to MacLeish and Horace Gregory. The fourth section is the one that reveals editorial enthusiasm: it includes the younger poets, especially those who have tried to combine a symbolist or intellectualist style with a political subject; Rodman calls them the Social Symbolists.

His pattern has the great advantage of being simple and easy to remember. It corresponds to the wishes of many serious poets, who want to deal with the subjects that interest them most—these are social subjects today—and yet hesitate to abandon the technique they learned by studying Eliot or Crane. It also corresponds to the wishes of many critics, who hate to think that all the literary researches of the last fifty years should be wasted for the poets of the future. Yet I am not at all sure that Rodman's pattern corresponds more than superficially to the facts.

It is true that many of the older poets who used to deal with purely personal material have developed an interest in social questions. But most of these have changed their style along with their subject matter (as note the difference between "Prufrock" and "Murder in the Cathedral," or between MacLeish's early "Pot of Earth" and his "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City"). It is also true that many of the younger poets are writing about strikes and civil wars in the same involved technique that they once used for expressing their personal sorrows. But not many of them succeed in convincing their audience that they are moved by strikes or civil wars (Muriel Rukeyser is one of the few brilliant exceptions). The worst of the Social Symbolists are so decorative in manner and so brutal in matter that they remind you of cooks who serve their beefsteaks with a garnish of whipped cream.

Manner and matter, style and substance are two aspects of the same problem. For example, the symbolistic manner developed from the preoccupation of poets with their own personalities and with art as a religion. The symbolists were actively indifferent toward society at large, and they made themselves difficult to understand partly because they did not care to be understood. How can their style and method be applied by poets who want to speak directly to the broad masses?

Poetry in the future will follow a course that none of us can chart. We have to admit the possibility that it will cease to be read and even cease to be written, except by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people of antiquarian tastes. At present there is a growing emphasis on subjects and treatments that appeal to the widest possible audience; whereas poets have come to depend on shades of meaning and quarter-tones of sound that only a few people are trained to appreciate. Some poets will doubtless simplify their methods; they will thereby lose something in depth and subtlety, but gain something too, from the knowledge that they are at last being heard. A few of them may recapture the sort of influence that poets had in earlier times. But others seem to be wondering already whether they shouldn't limp back into those ivory towers from which they were recently dislodged. Thus, there will be social poets in the future, and there are likely to be symbolists as well; but I doubt that there will be many Social Symbolists. MALCOLM COWLEY

The Lost, to the Lost

Monday Night, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE SAME THING remains true of this book as of Kay Boyle's others: that it is the work of a beautiful but dark and clouded talent. "Monday Night" is a little nearer to the folks back home than the preceding Vienna stories: at the same time it is more nearly inscrutable. M. Sylvestre, the toxicologist, is at the back of everything, but never seen. His testimony in the criminal courts of France has made widows and jail-widows; his fame has traveled to universities in America—from which Bernie, the almost obscenely ineffectual, has come to receive the blessing of the master. Through Monday night and Tuesday morning Bernie is herded toward his objective by a broken-down ex-American writer, who follows the trail of people having knowledge of Sylvestre with the desperate unaccountable zeal of a crusader fallen into a wine-cellar, riding in his mind the swells of a controlled and interminable alcoholism. Through these people the ex-American gradually comes upon his clear startling picture and upon the great book which—defeated again as much by chance as by himself—he will never write.

The main, the thinking and speaking and doing, character is this frustrated idealist, a sort of lost-generation Don Quixote, on the down grade with nothing accomplished, ill groomed to the point of insanitation, talking and drinking well and too much, yet unaccountably rising above all with his whole-souled acting-out of some humanitarian dream—sporadic, absurd and noble. The conception of seer, saint and stinkpot is original—but when a story is over you should either know somebody or realize that something has happened (as between man and himself, man and man, man and his time and place). But all the people here are from the deep fringe of the oddly formed and cruelly dealt with; they and the stations of their progress are deliberately brought into a sustained atmosphere of moonshine or nightmare. So we ask to know. Whose nightmare, then? Why, and to what end? There is a hint and possibly a warning in the closing note of the book's dedication: ". . . it being simply one way of communication between the lost and the lost."

The average Transition wonderboy can be turned over to the more advanced psychiatry, and nobody the worse. But Kay Boyle is a writer, with sincerity and genius enough to equip any fifty who might presume to hail or dismiss her; and what she does is worth worrying about. Call her decadent and you will find an imagery that is vital and under almost perfect control. Call her lush and you'll find prose with the delicacy, discipline, smoothness to the touch and good hard grain of carving in ivory. Call her a necromancer and then see by what homely undeniable things she sets up her rhythms and the overtone of their effect:

> . . . And at that moment he perceived the suave black locomotive as it came, smooth as oil and absolutely silently through the labyrinth of track where the signal lights now stood extinguished. . . . The porters, undoing their straps in preparation and throwing the ends of their cigarettes away, passed through and out onto the endless strip of platform while the engine, with its dark train behind it, glided quietly to the track's extremity and there, steaming and softly hissing, came to a pause.

But it is by her genius for the naturalism of the picture and for its animation into speech or habit that she heightens her effect of distortion, focusing on the uncommon and the unlikely, proving exception, the half-seen. As the most literal of the arts, literature seems to demand more full representation, continuity and avowed purpose. It seems to become lost the more it forces arbitrary fragments of reality into some composition that is complete but still dubious and unfamiliar, an entity bound round with and at once obscured and revealed by, a lurid muttering light.

OTIS FERGUSON

No Holy War

The Martyrdom of Spain, by Alfred Mendizabal. Preface by Jacques Maritain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 285 pages. $3.

CATHOLIC DISSENT from what has come to be regarded as the Catholic view of the Spanish war has been growing steadily. M. Georges Bernanos, in his "Grands Cimetières sous la Lune," has recently attacked the theory of the Holy War. Black Friars, the Dominican organ in England, has done the same, prominent Catholics in France and England have supported them, and now Professor Mendizabal in this volume adds the weight of his authority.

Señor Mendizabal is, or was, professor of the Philosophy of Law at the University of Oviedo, a member of the International Institute of the Philosophy of Law, and secretary of the Spanish group of the Catholic Union of International Studies. He has the right therefore to be heard with respect. His book consists of an attempt to outline contemporary Spanish history from the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera to the coming of the Popular Front government. There is so much that is dignified, profoundly moving and praiseworthy in this admirably tempered book that one never dissents with violence from its statements, even when they seem to be completely mistaken, as they often do to me.

The principal weakness of the book is that it confines itself exclusively to a political survey. Nowhere is there any consistent or even hastily sketched account of material conditions in Spain, and rarely of intellectual or spiritual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

conditions properly understood. He notes for instance divisions among the Right and among the Left, vastly important determinants of events, but does not pause to examine their origin. The result is that the book is principally a record of clerical and anti-clerical passions and hatreds, of sincerities, stupidities and equivocations that seem alike unreasonable, because their class roots are not laid bare. No sense can be made of Spanish events this way, and the calm observer, such as Professor Mendizabal, can do little more than deplore and deplore, in the name of two abstractions, Christian and natural justice—to which, he asserts, neither side gave obedience throughout the long debate. Yet he has glimmerings of the truth, as is shown in the following quotation and in several others:

> The abandonment of faith by the masses of workpeople had been established for a long time as an indubitable fact by those few misunderstood advocates of social Catholicism who were attacked as suspects by large sections of the conservative classes. The latter depended more on the intervention of the police than on the application of the social principles of Christianity and they regarded anyone who took the liberty of reminding the rich of their duties to the poor as a dangerous revolutionary.

It is easy, but quite unnecessary, to find fault with the author's historical judgments. It is the temper of the book that is most important, as evinced most clearly in his moving and deeply human account of the Communists who occupied his house during the October rising, and stormed a confectionery shop through a hail of bullets because they learned that the Professor and his family had not eaten. Indeed, the book is throughout an example of forbearing statement.

But it is M. Maritain's introduction to which readers will return. Here, with true Catholic piety, deep conviction and impressive dignity, M. Maritain argues against the Holy War pronouncements of certain Catholic supporters of Franco. For non-Catholics these pages are of the utmost importance, because they state clearly what are the doctrinal tests by which the insurrection must be judged. He discusses whether, granted all the claims and assertions of fact of the Rebels, granted their system of logic and their premises, the war against the Popular Front is a holy war. The rule is, he says, that an insurrection, to be justified, must not cause more damage to the community than the one it proposes to repair. The Spanish insurrection was fated, so he says, "to bring about in a few months of fratricidal war more ruin, more abominations and loss of human life than years of civil strife even under the worst conditions."

To me this introduction will serve as a major document in what is perhaps the sharpest intellectual problem of our age, the relation of Church and State in progressive societies. The Church, in a century's time, will have achieved her *modus vivendi* with whatever society has emerged from the present welter, perhaps after huge cost to us all. Is it not better to reason now, to define, to omit, to include, to safeguard and stipulate? Or is the Church, by its own massive inertia and the hostility of the Left, to become the enduring ally of reaction? To accept the latter consequence is a tragic defeatism, for both sides.

RALPH BATES

Legislator of the Universe

Isaac Newton, 1642-1727, by J. W. N. Sullivan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 275 pages. $2.50.

LIKE MANY OTHER POPULARIZERS, J. W. N. Sullivan brings no new material or deep thought to his books. But this study (shortly after the completion of which he died) was on a more ambitious scale than anything he had done before: it was some ten years in preparation and was intended to be his outstanding work. Its best quality is lucid exposition. It gives the essential principle of Newton's work without sacrificing scientific integrity, and in so far as it remains on this level, "Isaac Newton" is first-rate.

Where Mr. Sullivan falls short is in his unquestioning reverence for his subject. Newton's contributions are perhaps the greatest of any single man in the history of science, and in his awe of such genius the author does little more than repeat Lagrange's verdict: "There is but one universe, and it can happen to but one man in the world's history to be the interpreter of its laws." Like preceding biographers, he is thus puzzled by the fact that Newton "was a genius of the first order at something he did not consider of first importance." For Newton's interest in science was secondary to his theological studies and practical activity. After the age of forty-two he spent the rest of his life in politics, working at the Royal Mint, absorbed in problems ranging from coinage to cider making.

Now Newton's practical interests are valuable clues, since they mark off the boundaries of his genius and illuminate the preconceptions which he injected into his scientific work. We need not fall back as Sullivan does on the inexplicable mysteries of genius and the fable of the falling apple. The key to Newton the scientist seems obviously to lie in the central fact that he was never free of the mental and material climate of his epoch. He carried out his experiments and constructed his theories on the basis of the technical needs and discoveries of his age. He lived at a time when the theories of the calculus and gravitation were in the air. Roger Bacon may have possessed as much genius, but he lived before the discoveries of Kepler and Galileo and the technical achievements of the seventeenth century. Previous scientific developments and not falling apples made possible the Newtonian revolution.

This same environment explains the absolutist conceptions Newton borrowed from his theological studies and saddled upon science. In many respects he was responsible for two prejudices that plague science to the present day: mysticism and mechanism. His celestial mechanics required continual readjustments by God, until Laplace expelled the Deity from the universe.

Newton was a faithful servant of Church and State. He wrote his treatise with "an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men, for the belief of a Deity." And when he had the opportunity he left science f the Royal Mint. He even complained that he did not like to "be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by our own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I should be about the King's business."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Instead of explaining the sources of the mystical streak in Newton, Sullivan uses them as justification for obscurantism in modern science. Newton used mechanistic views to justify his own mysticism; today, ironically enough, the destruction of his mechanistic universe by relativity and quantum physics leads Eddington and Jeans in the name of Newton to invent a "Great Mathematician." It is the example of Newton the scientist, and not Newton the pious Master of the Royal Mint, that future legislators of the universe will follow. But for readers who can keep this distinction between science and piety in mind, Sullivan's biography is a valuable introduction to one of the world's valuable men.

DAVID RAMSEY

Modern Primitives

Masters of Popular Painting: Modern Primitives of Europe and America. Text by Holger Cahill and others. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 172 pages, 80 plates. $2.50.

THE IMPORTANCE of popular painting as a contributing element to the evolution of contemporary art is undeniable. Still it is difficult to concede to popular painting the importance which would give it the rank of a "major division" or "movement" of modern art. "Masters of Popular Painting" was originally published as a catalogue for the recent exhibition of the same name at the Museum of Modern Art. The director's preface explains that this exhibition is the third of a series "intended to present some of the major divisions or movements of modern art." The first was "Cubism and Abstract Art"; the second was "Fantastic Art, Dada and Surrealism." Compared with either of these groups, popular painting would seem to offer a narrow field of plastic interest. In fact, it might be fairer to describe popular painting as a minor division. Or still better, to consider it strictly as a stimulus, rather than a movement—much as we see the vogue for African Negro sculpture today within the texture of European art history.

But popular painting always offers an esthetic charm in its freshness of vision; and at a certain point in the history of contemporary art it played an important role. During the first years of the present century it satisfied a strong appetite of the period; it also served to bridge a gap at the time from one pictorial approach to another.

It is true that the cult of the folk artist and what was regarded—rightly or wrongly—as untutored, naïve expression, had its root in the early Romantic Revival. But at the opening of the twentieth century this interest enjoyed a new impetus. The popular spread of Bergsonism at the time very likely played a great part in this, with its exaltation of intuition and sensation over intellect. In 1904 we have the famous exhibition of French primitive masters in the Louvre, and the first of Beurdeley's articles on "L'Imagerie Populaire." About the same time we have Vlaminck's discovery of African Negro sculpture. And it was, no doubt, a similar interest that fixed the artists' attention on the work of *le douanier* Rousseau between 1905 and 1906. For Rousseau was the typical "popular" artist—the "plain man" who has to express himself in paint. And in its character of intuitive expression Rousseau's work confirmed the younger painters in the liberties they had consciously taken with the accepted conventions of vision and representation.

But what was most important to the future development of painting was not this justification by the sensibility of the untutored, which the work of any of these popular painters or even children's painting could provide. It was much more the individuality of Rousseau's vision, his simplifications to basic forms and his mastery of pictorial organization, that served the younger painters as a bridge from the Fauve approach based on sensibility to one based on structure. For it was in this direction that the cubists built intellectually away from the influence of Bergson—"the great organizer of disintegration"—and his stress on intuition.

In the text of "Masters of Popular Painting," the historical role of popular art in its relationship to twentieth-century esthetic and expression is not fully brought out. Several striking personalities in the field of popular painting are introduced through the biographical notes and reproductions. But a failure to represent the most important figure of the group, Rousseau, by a proportionate selection of canvases of first quality has a tendency to throw an unfavorable light on the *douanier's* work to the advantage of his fellow popular painters. And the consequent distortion of values detracts seriously from an otherwise extremely interesting selection of illustrations.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

New Books: A Reader's List

BIO-DYNAMIC FARMING AND GARDENING, by Ehrenfried Pfeiffer (Anthroposophic Press, $2.25). A plea for the agricultural doctrines preached by Dr. Rudolf Steiner, the anthroposophist, who believed that chemical fertilizers are leading us straight to the devil. "Bio-dynamic" farming, as expounded by one of his disciples, sounds like a mixture of moonshine with two parts of well rotted manure.

FEDERAL THEATRE PLAYS (Random House, 2 vols., $2 each). The first two volumes of what promises to be a series of Federal Theatre successes in print, edited by Pierre de Rohan, done in Random House's customary handsome and readable style of bookmaking. One volume contains "Triple-A Plowed Under," "Power" and "Spirochete." The other contains "One Third of a Nation," "Prologue to Glory" and "Haiti." Now that the thing is officially launched, it is suggested that future books have an introduction more astringent and less fulsome than the notes contributed by Hallie Flanagan.

THE MIDDLE AGES, by Edward Maslin Hulme (Holt, $4.50). This standard textbook, first issued in 1929, has been revised to include England down to the end of the fifteenth century. "The Middle Ages" is noteworthy for its good bibliographies, its liberal attitude and its full treatment of religious matters. It is one of the few college histories that can be recommended warmly to general readers.

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, by Arthur E. Hertzler (Harpers, $2.75). What the title suggests; an autobiography which brings in a remarkable background of medical training in the last century, and the fight of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country youth to get ahead in medicine. Unconventional and entertaining.

THE GLORY OF GOD, by Robert O. Ballou (Covici, $2). The father of a small boy writes a modern credo of faith in life, of faith in the importance of learning the truth about man and Nature, and of faith in the ultimate destiny of man. Simply written and rather moving in places.

ACROSS THE FRONTIERS, by Philip Gibbs (Doubleday, Doran, $3). More than 300 pages of characteristic Gibbs, adding very little to your knowledge of recent history or of the real forces at work in European politics. Takes sly pot-shots at communism and reveals a not unusual British sympathy for Hitler, discreetly mingled with regret for the Jewish outrages. Skip it.

JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOL-KILLER, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Farrar and Rinehart, $1). A trade edition of the early American legend already published by the Countryman Press in Vermont.

TORCHLIGHT TO VALHALLA, by Gale Wilhelm (Random House, $2). A very short novel written with a very spare elegance, about the daughter of a painter who couldn't love the composer because she had to love girls. A workmanlike job but too fancy—the cat is called Isolde, the girls are Morgen and Toni, and one would with great relief swap a composer called Royal St. Gabriel for a bartender called Mike.

EMILY, by Sally Benson (Covici, Friede, $2). The involved psychology of the female sex shown through a series of short stories about women of every age and kind. Take it to your next hen-party.

SAINTS IN SUMMERTIME, by Brinckerhoff Jackson (Norton, $2.50). Adventures of a solemn, liberal editor and his pretty wife when they meet with the rise of fascism in a Central European country town. Told so dispassionately as to make all the characters ridiculous and slightly disgusting, but with plenty of shrewdness, wit and a grim base. On the whole a very unusual novel.

Contributors

MARY HEATON VORSE, journalist, short-story writer and novelist, is the author of "Labor's New Millions," which has recently been published by Modern Age Books.

LEE LORCH is a free-lance reporter on the labor movement.

ROBERT J. LANDRY has been radio editor of Variety for the past twelve years. He is a contributor to Esquire and is now at work on a study of the government versus radio for The Public Opinion Quarterly.

DON STANFORD, who is a member of the English Department at Dartmouth College, has contributed verse to various magazines.

RALPH BATES is an English novelist who served for more than a year as brigade commissar in the Spanish Republican army. He has just returned to New York City from a trip through Mexico.

DAVID RAMSEY, a contributing editor of Science and Society, writes articles on science for various periodicals.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY is the author of "Plastic Redirections in Twentieth Century Painting." He is a lecturer on Fine Arts at the Graduate School of New York University.

ALLABEN ACRES

The Informal Adult Camp

350 Acres of Honest-to-Goodness Vacation Country at a 2,400 Ft. Elevation—Only 118 Miles from N. Y. C.

- Complete Athletic Facilities, Including Private Lake, Tennis, Rustic Bridle Paths, etc.
- Excellent Social and Athletic Staff
- Entertainment and Forums of Social Significance
- Jerry Stern's Club Royal Orchestra

ALL BUNGALOWS AND COTTAGES WITH HOT AND COLD SHOWERS

Weekly Rates:

$23.50—$25.00—$27.00

Direction

Moe Kaplan & Jack Lewis
(Formerly of Hilltop Lodge)

Mr. & Mrs. Moll & Morton Barrow
(Formerly of Napanoch Country Club)

Allaben, N. Y.; Phonecia 75
N. Y. City Tel.: VAnderbilt 3-5126

PAINT, WRITE, REST AT

SACKS FARM

ACRES OF PINE WOODS

Beautiful surrounding country. Some outside sports. Very good food. Rates: $17.00 per week.
R. F. D. 1, Box 267, Saugerties, N. Y.
City information: BUtterfield 8-9683

VERMONT

UNSPOILED VERMONT. Small group progressives. Rest, beauty, quiet. Mild sports, etc., but no planned activities. $12-$15 Week. Don't come without writing. Ethan Allen Farm, R.F.D. 2, Chester, Vermont

GREEN MANSIONS

A Complete Modern Camp and Country Club in the Adirondacks

Clubhouse — Each Room With Private Bath

- Private Golf Course on Premises
- Champion Tennis Courts
- And All Other Sports Facilities
- Professional Theatre
- Chamber Music

Booklet on Request

LENA BARISH SAM GARLEN
Directors

NEW YORK CITY OFFICE
11 West 42nd Street
BRyant 9-1738

Pine Hill Farm House

PLEASANT VALLEY, N. Y. Dutchess County

100 acres of secluded farm and woodland. Modern conveniences, tennis, handball, boating, fishing, swimming. **RATE: $20 per week.** Phone: Pleasant Valley 2741.

BREEZY HILL

BROOKFIELD, CONNECTICUT

Modernized colonial home on Candlewood Lake, one-half mile frontage. All sports. Golfing and riding nearby. European-American cuisine.
RATE: $25 weekly; $8, 2-day week-end.
Nina Adler, Mgr. Danbury 1563, Ring 2.

SOUTH WIND

WOODBOURNE, N. Y.

ADULT CAMP ON A LARGE PRIVATE LAKE. WEEKEND OF THE 30th, AMERICAN FOLK GROUP WILL PRESENT INTERNATIONAL DANCES. SEYMOUR LIEBERMANN, BASS BARITONE. City Phone: Lackawanna 4-4026.

FOR RENT

COTTAGE, STUDIO, balcony, bedroom, kitchen, bath, screened porch, lake view from garden. South Salem, New York. Telephone 148: Address, Box 87, The New Republic.

POSITION WANTED

GRADUATE, N. Y. School Fine and Applied Arts, progressive school experience wishes position in or near N. Y. C. instructor arts and crafts. Nominal salary. TRi. 5-9059. Address, Box 88, The New Republic.

OPPORTUNITY

YOUNG SPANIARD, American born, deeply interested carving new life in South America. *Small income, plus* huge capital of $1,000.00. But lack South American contacts. Free to enter anything. Any suggestions? Address: Box 86, The New Republic.

LITERARY HELP

THESIS WORK, RESEARCH PAPERS. Special Articles, Addresses, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at *moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly* serviceable results. Over twenty years consistent service to patrons. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

william eden

instruction in art the of acting

434 East 52nd Street, New York City. PL 3-3464

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED